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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Unexplored Country

THE interest of the average person, it would seem, is accessible quite as easily through satisfaction of his inclination for the familiar as by stimulation of his love for the unknown. If there is one thing, indeed, to which he appears to respond more readily than to the shock of the new it is to the recognition of the old. It is his delight in the crystallization of a cherished notion, in the codification of truisms, and the portrayal of elementary passions that makes possible the fact that the most sentimental of ballads again and again become the popular songs of the day; that the trite generalizations of paragraph philosophers are successful syndication features throughout the newspapers of the land, and that the crudest melodramas can hold the screen against reality and commonsense. The curious thing is that since this is so the motion picture producers with all their alertness to the popular taste have not carried their plumbing of it to the point of putting on the screen even the smallest fraction of the material that lies ready to their hand.

They have it for the taking. For woven into the memory of even the semi-literate is the rich thread of fairy lore. No one of us, no matter how prosaic today, but sometime in our infant years lived intimately with fairies and ogres and witches, consorted daily with Jack the Giant Killer or Little Red Riding Hood, admired or feared Dick Whittington or Bluebeard. We have cast off our faith with our childhood but the tenderness of those years for the old tales still lurks behind. Why, only yesterday in England an indignant adult world so vigorously protested against the threat to remove the Banbury Cross to which in babyhood it had frequently ridden a cock horse on its parents' knees that arrangements are being made to deflect the road to allow motorists to pass the cross in safety and so obviate its destruction.

On the possibilities of the fairy tale the screen alone is able to realize, for it alone has the mechanism that makes possible the rendering of the fantastic as well as the real, of scenery on an extensive scale as well as of a restricted background, of a long progression of events as well as of a limited succession of incidents. Take beasts alone. They have always presented a stumbling block to the legitimate stage, as witness, for instance, the dragon in Siegfried" or the lion in "Androcles," but the screen has contrivances and can draw on actual animal life that eliminates these difficulties. Not only children, but children of an elder growth, would pack houses to see the stories beloved of their youth translated into beautiful corporeality, and how beautiful that corporeality could be anyone who has seen the screen version of Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella" knows beyond a doubt.

An even nobler prospect opens out before the motion picture producer in the myths of Greece and Rome, in the legends of Northern Europe, and to a lesser degree, in the lore of our own American Indians. For here are all the elements of great drama—the loves and rivalries of the gods, the fabled wars of gods and men; here is the majestic conjoined with enough of the human to make it appealing; here is chronicle playing on three planes —heaven and earth and hell. Surely the producer ought to revel in the opportunity which mythology affords his art of transmuting the material of familiar fancy into visible form.

We must content ourselves now with suggesting

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The Vintner

By AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

HIS monstrous, tempting grapes hung high
Enough to foil the avid fox,
And like their tendrils, curling sly,
Were his own bacchanalian locks!

As dark as sin, his purple grapes,
His green grapes pale and fiery cool,
And blown to fine and subtle shapes
Like glass of some Venetian school.

He, jealous as a careful sire,
Would see their nectar stored and sealed
Among the spiders he would hire,
Small mercenaries of the field,

To guard his kingdom. Silver mold
Whitened those casks, as age his hair . . .
Men savored him as he grew old,
Finding him somehow wrong and rare,

A relish for sobriety,
With racy humor much esteemed!
But women, when he came to die,
Said he could never be redeemed,

Condemning as unsainted juice
That which with noble gesture he
Dispensed. They traffiicked in abuse.
'Twas Autumn by the flaming tree

The day he went. In harvest time
At length the mellow tongue was mute,
But winds were running like a rhyme
To tattle of the unpicked fruit,

And men conceived the pagan plight
And splendor of his wasted vine,—
There hung his grapes, their jackets tight,
Their little bellies full of wine.

This Week

Books on Heredity. Reviewed by *H. M. Parshley.*

"The Copeland Reader." Reviewed by *John Palmer Gavit.*

"The Story of Music." Reviewed by *Edward Burlingame.*

"Washington." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"American Secretaries of State." Reviewed by *John Corbin.*

"The Forerunners of St. Francis." Reviewed by *Vida D. Scudder.*

"Brother John," and "The Disciple of A Saint." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

"The Immortal Marriage." Reviewed by *Anne C. E. Allinson.*

"The House of Lost Identity." Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

William Blake. By *J. B. Priestley.*

Hans Christian Andersen*

By PADRAIC COLUM

IN 1846 Hans Christian Andersen was in Rome: it was the third and it was to be the last occasion on which he was in the city of his adoration. He saw the Pope bless the people who stood before St. Peter's, and he noted that the blessing was given and received as though the people had been "Protestant strangers." "When I was here thirteen years ago, all knelt." The scene outraged his feelings, but then, with his innate optimism, he added, "but in all that happens, everything is for the best."

In truth Andersen was vaguely conscious that he was looking upon a symptom of the change that had come upon the world—a change that would render forever impossible a life such as he had had—a life that was like a fairy tale. Democracy was coming into being, and the aristocratic order was passing. "Rome is not the Rome it was thirteen years ago when I was first here. It is as if everything was modernized."—

> Grass and bushes are cleared away. Everything is made so neat; the very life of the people seems to have retired. I no longer hear the tambourines in the streets, no longer see the young girls dancing their Saltarella, even in the Campagna intelligence has entered by invisible railroads; the peasant no longer believes as he used to do . . . ten years later, when the railways will have brought cities still nearer to each other, Rome will be yet more changed.

The democratic, industrial, rationalist, standardizing order was even then emerging; the aristocratic order with its privileges and its ceremony was being thrust aside. In that order there was much that was intolerable, but there was in it, too, something that led it to foster the exceptional individual. It knelt before its Popes, it saluted its Kings, it did homage to its privileged persons. But these very exercises prepared it to give genuine reverence to poets, to singers, to painters, to sculptors. How often in Andersen's book do we hear of such homage being paid:

> The people drew Thorwaldsen's carriage through the streets to his house, where everybody who had the slightest acquaintance with him, or with the friends of a friend of his, thronged around him. In the evening the artists gave him a serenade, and the blaze of the torches illumined the garden under the large trees, there was an exultation and joy which really and truly was felt.
>
> Jenny Lind was the first singer to whom the Danish students gave a serenade: torches blazed around the hospitable villa where the serenade was given: she expressed her thanks by again singing some Swedish songs, and then I saw her hasten into the darkest corner and weep for emotion.
>
> I reached Perpignan. . . . The human crowd moved in waves beneath my windows, a loud shout resounded; it pierced through my sick frame. What was that? What did it mean? "Good evening, Mr. Arago!" resounded from the strongest voices, thousands repeated it, and music sounded; it was the celebrated Arago, who was staying in the room next to mine; the people gave him a serenade. Now this was the third I had witnessed on my journey.
>
> I was invited by the students of Lund to visit their ancient town. Here a public dinner was given me; speeches were made, toasts were pronounced; and as I was in the evening in a family circle, I was informed that the students meant to honor me with a serenade.

Part of the charm that there is in reading Andersen's story of his life comes from the clear sense it gives us of the eagerness that was then in all circles and places to receive the work of a man or woman of genius. Our democratic and industrial civilization has made us put away the habit of reverence on which such appreciation was based:

*Hans Christian Andersen: The True Story of My Life. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1927.

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when there are demonstrations nowadays for a man or a woman who might represent Thorwaldsen or Jenny Lind, they are not so disinterested, nor so spontaneous, so friendly, nor so understanding.

The people, of course, had a life of their own in those days: they had their stories, songs, and music, their hereditary occupations and costumes. Little towns were not dependencies upon the metropolis. Andersen was born in the little town of Odense. It is only twenty-two miles from Copenhagen, but Copenhagen in those days seemed to be in another country. There was a little theatre in the town where plays were produced in German; it was possible for a boy to grow up in Odense with a passion for and with some knowledge of the theatre and the sort of poetry that belongs to the theatre, and at the same time to have his connection with a local and popular life that had its own distinctive literature, its own distinctive tradition.

* * *

Hans Andersen's family was very poor. His father and mother had just a room; his father was a shoemaker, and his mother came of a family that were so poverty-stricken that the little room and the scanty earnings of the shoemaker represented affluence to her. "She, as a child, had been driven out by her parents to beg, and once when she was not able to do it, she had sat for a whole day under a bridge and wept." Back of this poverty there was feeble-mindedness on the side of Andersen's father. Indeed, if the eugenists of our day could have had power then, Hans Andersen would never have been allowed to come into the world at all. His father, for all that, was a remarkable man. "He very seldom associated with his equals. He went out to the woods on Sundays, when he took me with him.

> He did not talk much when he was out, but would sit silently, sunk in deep thought, whilst I ran about and strung strawberries on a bent, or bound garlands. Only twice in the year, and that in the month of May, when the woods were arrayed in their earliest green, did my mother go with us, and then she wore a cotton gown, which she put ...y on these occasions, and when she partook of the ... Supper, and which, as long as I can remember, was ... liday gown.
>
> ...oy was happy in his father.
>
> ...ossessed his whole heart; he lived for me. On Sun... ...e made me perspective glasses, theatres, and pictures ... could be changed; he read to me from Holberg's plays and the Arabian tales; it was only in such moments as these that I can remember to have seen him really cheerful, for he never felt himself happy in his life as a handicrafts-man.

Modern psychologists could give us a picture of young Andersen which would suggest a deal of abnormality. As a child his greatest delight was in making clothes for his dolls. He had a girlish voice when he sang. The passion that he showed for the theatre had a girlish intensity in it. And yet Andersen was a lad of great spirit. Once, when he and his mother were gleaning in a field, the bailiff came towards them with a great whip in his hand. The others ran away, but little Hans faced him, and said, "How dare you strike me, when God can see it." He made up his mind, as a young lad, to go to Copenhagen all alone, to support himself there, while he tried to enter the theatre. "I will become famous," he told his mother. "People have at first an immense deal of adversity to go through, and then they will be famous." "It was a wholly unintelligible purpose that guided me," he declared.

* * *

He must have been, all through his life, an oddity —a charming oddity who was also a man of genius. The story of his receptions at courts suggests, not the homage that was given to a great writer, but the favor that is shown to a dancer, or perhaps to a clown or a dwarf. Indeed, he was the kind that clowns are made out of—original, sensitive, somewhat underdeveloped, with a passion for child's play and entertainment. The photograph of 1870 shows him as having the long, mobile, actor's face. As one looks at it, one realizes why the telling of his stories from the stage was such an entertainment.

Well, he failed to make his way into the theatre either as a player, a dancer, or a poet. This failure was the making of Andersen. He took to writing stories; he made journeys through France, Italy, and Sweden. He had written a great deal before he struck into his true vein; it was in 1835 that he brought out the first volume of the stories which have made his name a world one. He was thirty when he first began to write his stories for children:

> In the volume which I first published, I had, like Musäus, but in my own manner, related old stories, which I had heard as a child. The volume concluded with one which was original, and which seemed to have given the greatest pleasure although it bore a tolerably near affinity to a story of Hoffman's. In my increasing disposition for children's stories, I therefore followed my own impulse, and invented them myself. In the following year a new volume came out, and soon after that a third, in which the longest story, The Little Mermaid, was my own invention.

* * *

Not everything in Andersen's autobiography makes entertaining reading. His life was really like a fairy story, with real Kings and Queens coming into it. The greater part of it, however, again demonstrates that a writer's life is not a subject for a writer to engage upon. Even Balzac could not make his writers—he certainly could not make his successful writers—interesting. As Andersen relates it his life as a child is like one of his own stories, full of pathos, full of poetry, full of moral heroism of a kind. Who can forget his father and mother walking in the woods, his mother going out only "when the woods were arrayed in their earliest bloom," and bringing back with her "a great many fresh beech boughs, which were then planted behind the polished stone"? Who can forget the grandmother who used to tell about her own mother's mother—"how she had been a rich, noble lady, in the city of Cassel, and that she had married a 'comedy-player,' as she expressed it, and ran away from parents and home, for all of which her posterity had now to do penance"? Or young Andersen's visits to the asylum in which his grandmother was employed, and his going to where the poor old women had their spinning-room:

> With these people I found myself possessed of an eloquence which filled them with astonishment. I had accidently heard about the internal mechanism of the human frame, of course without understanding anything about it; but all these mysteries were very captivating to me; and with chalk, therefore, I drew a quantity of flourishes on the door, which was to represent the intestines; and my description of the heart and the lungs made the deepest impression. I passed for a remarkably wise child, that would not live long; and they rewarded my eloquence by telling me tales in return; and thus a world as rich as that of the thousand and one nights was revealed to me. The stories told by these old ladies, and the insane figures which I saw around me in the asylum, operated in the meantime so powerfully upon me, that when it grew dark I scarcely dared to go out of the house. I was therefore permitted, generally at sunset, to lay me down in my parent's bed with its long flowered curtains, because the press-bed in which I slept could not conveniently be put down so early in the evening on account of the room it occupied in our small dwelling; and here, in the paternal bed, lay I in a waking dream, as if the actual world did not concern me.

* * *

The first years of his life in Copenhagen also have much charm. But in the after pages, although he gives us clear vignettes of the great Rachel, of Heine, of Jenny Lind, and of Alexander Dumas, the story is not rewarding. In fact, as soon as he begins to write about himself as author he brings us into a two-dimensional world. That is always the way when authors write about an author.

This writer, who shaped his stories for children first of all, had humour, poetry, knowledge of the world, a clear sense of form. We who read him in translation cannot judge his manner of writing, but we know that Georg Brandes has spoken of his "graphic, crooning, living, dancing, jumping style." He is a great writer because he has created a world that we can move in and live in, and Tolstoy and Balzac could do no more. "'But that is superb,' said the Princess, as she went away, 'I have never heard a finer composition. Listen! run in and asks what the instrument costs.' 'He wants a hundred kisses from the Princess,' said the maid of honour who had gone to ask. 'I think he is crazy,' said the Princess, and she went away; but when she had gone a little way she stood still. 'One must encourage art,' she said. 'I am the Emperor's daughter! Tell him he can have ten kisses, like yesterday, and he can take the rest from my maid of honor.' 'Oh, but we hate to,' said the maids of honor. 'That's all nonsense,' said the Princess, 'if I can allow myself to be kissed, you can too.'" In that little talk we have society girls of all seasons. All imposters are in the pair who set up their loom to weave the Emperor's clothes out of nothing. All people who hold offices are in the Cat and the Hen who were the inmates of the house to which the poor Ugly Duckling came. "And they always said, 'We and the world' for they thought they were half the world, and by far the better half." We get no profounder sense of evil even from those who have made a cult of their knowledge of it than we get from a view of the Witch's dwelling as the Little Mermaid came to it

> Behind it lay her house in the midst of a weird wood in which all the trees and bushes were polyps—half animals, half plants. They looked like hundred-headed snakes growing up out of the earth. All the branches were long, slimy arms, with fingers like supple worms, and they writhed joint by joint from the root to the farthest point: all that they could seize on in the water they held fast and never let go. . . . She bound her long, fluttering hair around her head, so that the polyps might not seize her.

In one of his myriad essays, Hilaire Belloc writes finely about Andersen, praising him for his revelation of Northern nature and the Northern spirit. Belloc notes that he writes about a life that has not the military virtues, but is without envy and without resentment. Andersen's stories have in them a heroism that far transcends the military virtues—they have the sort of heroism that one finds in the lives of the saints—indeed the story of the Little Mermaid and of the Princess who wove shirts for her swan-brothers out of the churchyard nettles reminds one of stories about the saints. And what heroic virtue was in this man who made out of his memories stories which have such humor, such poetry, such keen and such kindly observation, and over and over again, such perfection of form. "He did not play with the thickness and toughness of reality," writes Francis Hackett in the preface to the volume of translations from which I have been quoting. "He took reality as it is, which children nearly all respects, and then he peopled it with his own daring yet reasonable creations, which children generally admire." In his own life he must have seemed something of the Fool—but a Fool that Shakespeare might quote from—the Fool in King Lear.

Biological Inheritance

THE NEXT AGE OF MAN. By ALBERT E. WIGGAM. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1927. $3.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HEREDITY. By WILLIAM S. SADLER. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1927. $2.50.

BEING WELL-BORN: An Introduction to Heredity and Eugenics. By MICHAEL F. GUYER. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1927. $5

Reviewed by H. M. PARSHLEY.
Smith College

THE present is often spoken of as a scientific age; and by this is meant, we may suppose, that scientists, actuated by urges and ideals quite uncomprehended by the generality of people, have discovered facts and processes which underlie the technology that makes radio, rapid transit, efficient medication, high production, and speed generally the commonplaces of ordinary life. The average citizen uses familiarly the fruits and to a considerable extent the instruments of science. Is he therefore more ready than formerly to comprehend science, to practice the scientific method in some degree, and to accept scientific advice in the conduct of his more personal affairs?

The answer to this question cannot be stated with finality; but if the general interest in good popularizations of science is a reliable indication, we can at least recognize a wide interest in such matters—certainly a new phenomenon in the world—and it requires only a moderate optimism to have faith in the growing willingness of intelligent people to entertain a scientific view of matters long abandoned to custom and superstition.

Here, for example, we have three books on human biology, hopefully presented by authors and publishers not averse to financial success, written respectively by a publicist, a physician, and a university professor. They all profess to tell us the truth about the inheritance of physical and mental traits; but otherwise they are as different as any three books proposed for sole consumption on the desert isle. And they all do tell the truth as far as the scientific facts of genetics are concerned. It would appear, indeed, that genetics, the newest major branch of biology—not yet thirty years old—is now, or soon will be, the branch best known to the thoughtful public. For in spite of the bitter denunciations of Liberals, the obscene scoffings of Behaviorists, and the ignorant attacks of newspaper editors—regardless of these counterblasts, the law

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of Mendel, the results of the mental testers, and the discoveries of the eugenists are being brought to general attention by skilful authors who really comprehend what they are writing about and agree solidly in all the main features of their presentation.

It is sometimes suggested that if any one wants to know about heredity he should be directed to the original works of Morgan, Pearson, Castle, and the other genuine scientists who are doing the research and discovering the facts; but it needs only a little experience in trying to make, say, college students of good ability get their knowledge exclusively in this way, to convince us that it will never do for the general public. There is a real need for the honest, able, and discriminating popularizer. The original works are too technical, too fragmentary, too careful to avoid duplication, too detached, too objective.

Our three authors agree in affirming (a) that both mental and physical traits are in some degree dependent upon hereditary factors, in man as well as in other organisms; (b) that the effects of experiences are not ordinarily passed on to the next generation; (c) that human beings differ inherently and irrevocably in numerous traits, many of which are exactly measurable; and (d) that intelligently selective mating is demanded by the facts both of biology and of sociology or history.

Wiggam is still the optimistic and enthusiastic advocate of eugenical reform. He writes a rapid, exciting book, full of information and enlivened with social philosophy—if such it can be called. It is intensely interesting and persuasive, though the unfortunate lapses of the author are somewhat disturbing. I refer to a certain fecundity in gelatinous phrases such as: "put intelligence in the human saddle and give it the bit and rein;" "rampant in this age;" "the Apollos and Venuses of the race;" "are culture and Cupid deadly enemies?" "rising tide of social and biological capacity," etc., etc. But he can write better and does, for the most part, even when rhapsodical:

> The social philosopher sits by the side of the moron . . . and wonders if there are inherent in the enterprise of civilization itself those agencies that bring decay. . . . And he wonders too whether those instruments of science which have charted the heavens, have . . . weighed the atom and the stars, cannot also penetrate into the mystery of his own being and progress, and devise a way of living happily and effectively in the midst of wealth, refinement, and culture, until the end of the earthly drama. It is this passion and the hope of solving this, the last great mystery that confronts human intelligence, that have given rise to the science of eugenics.

Needless to say, Wiggam thinks that science can succeed in this, and in his really excellent discussion of a great many of the factors involved he touches on some of the newest results of research. The reader will find good accounts of Pearl's work on alcohol and on population growth, some English studies on tuberculosis, behaviorism (seriously criticized), the new Stanford studies on gifted individuals, and some of the very latest work on the sex hormones. This alone would make the book worth while. But there is much more, including extended discussions of environmentalism, correlation of valuable traits, contemporary natural selection, leadership and democracy, and birth control. Wiggam considers birth control one of the most important biological factors in modern life, accepts its inevitability, and shows ingeniously how it is bound to produce beneficial results in the long run.

Sadler's book comes in questionable shape. Looking at it one asks, Can a book called "The Truth" about something, written by a physician who puts his portrait on the jacket and who is the author of such confections as "Constipation. How To Cure Yourself," "The Elements of Pep," and "How You Can Keep Happy" (and thirteen others!)—can such a book be worth the postage required to send it to the reviewer? The temptation is strong to say, No, and condemn it as nonsense without further ado. But a reading shows that this would be quite wrong. It is in reality a very good and rather extensive explanation of heredity, well adapted for the layman. In fact, it possesses some virtues not to be found in any of the regular texts. It gives, in the first place, a thorough and complete conspectus of elementary genetics, and thus forms an excellent companion volume to Wiggam's more general work. Its chief virtue, and one that will make it of use even for academic purposes, is that it brings together the work of more numerous investigators than is usual in such cases. Dealing with all the important aspects of the subject it brings in good accounts of the special researches of Biffen, Davenport, Boas, Wolff, Pawlow, Ragnano, Woltereck, and others in addition to the authorities more commonly cited.

On such questions as the origin of mutations and the real cause of sex determination, Sadler is unusually clear and judicial; and if he were a little more careful in crediting citations to their authors and in avoiding misspellings and other small mistakes his book could be recommended quite unreservedly. He takes more than 500 pages for genetics proper, promising to treat of human heredity and of eugenics in two future volumes.

Professor Guyer's book is a splendid revision and enlargement of a standard work on genetics and eugenics. It provides more of the biological background than the others, dealing with statistical method, embryology, and the mechanics of development in the early chapters, and touching on various technical matters throughout in a way that makes it a fully adequate text-book rather than a mere popular account for general reading. The reader will find, of course, a complete account of the author's famous experiments on induced eye defects and their inheritance; and the scientific caution with which these are interpreted may well serve as an example to all who have to deal with the matter of acquired characteristics. A good deal of space is devoted to the inheritance of human traits mental and physical; and the relation between human biology and such social questions as delinquency, population growth, behavior in general, and immigration is carefully discussed. A short section deals with eugenics and concludes with the confident assertion tha we are now able to decide whether we shall continue to people the earth with imbeciles, paupers, and degenerates—or with the type that the author calls "the well-born child."

Head piece designed by Lorraine Combs for "The Honorable Picnic," by Thomas Raucat (Viking Press)

One who has read and mastered books like these will view with some suspicion the behavioristic attack upon the general eugenic position which Dr. J. B. Watson makes, as for instance in an article in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*. If his whole position is not regarded as hopelessly untenable, there are at least certain questions that he will have to answer. Let us conclude by asking the one serious opponent of eugenic theory who comes with some show of scientific authority how he maintains his oft-asserted belief that differences among normal relatives are due to slight differences in childish environment, while their similarities are likewise due to similar experiences—in brief, that heredity has nothing to do with either. If the differences observable in brothers, occurring in spite of every effort to make their surroundings identical, are nevertheless inevitable and due to unavoidable slight inequalities in their opportunities, how is it that sons often resemble their fathers very closely? Are we asked to believe that the early childhood environments of two successive generations, many years apart, are often more nearly similar than the surroundings of two twin brothers who live contemporaneously and together?

Historical writing has lost one of its ablest contemporary exponents in the death of Professor J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University, England. Though he held the chair of modern history Professor Bury made his reputation (at the age of twenty-four) by his brilliant editions of the Odes of Pindar which displayed an amazing poetic insight into the literature of Greece and knowledge of its history. His masterly "History of the Roman Empire from Augustus to Marcus Aurelius" followed only a year later, and thenceforth he produced a series of notable studies. Professor Bury united to a vast erudition the ability to write lucidly and interestingly, and his work marked a breach with the traditional text-book style of writing.

"Copey's" Literary Taste

THE COPELAND READER: An Anthology of English Poetry and Prose. By CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. 2 vols. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

A MAN'S book-shelves betray him with accuracy, disclose his scope and his limitations, his enthusiasms, his sense of humor, his blind-spots, and his phobias. Altogether, his tastes, and in a large significance, his character. Even more unerringly, these will be betrayed by his selection of things to read aloud.

Mr. Copeland's compendium, now issued in two volumes instead of the bulky and expensive single volume in which it first appeared, is not subject to the ordinary sort of criticism. It is not in the usual sense an anthology. It does not purport to be comprehensive of the literature, chiefly English and American, from which its selections are drawn. By definition it consists "only of what I have *read aloud* during thirty-four years of teaching, lecturing, and reading." Therefore if the reader resent omissions he may keep it to himself. Perhaps they are not suited to purposes of elocution; perhaps "Copey" does not care for them even if he knows them.

It seems justifiable, however, to remark upon the absence of any of the exquisitely readable literature of modern science—such things as Thomas H. Huxley's "On the Physical Basis of Life," or John Tyndall's "Scope and Limit of Scientific Materialism." Perish the thought that "Copey" does not know them! How comes it that there is nothing of Ruskin? A dozen cheaper things could have been spared to make room for "The Mystery of Life and Its Arts." Of translations, why only Hebrew and Greek? I do not understand the omission of gems from the German and French, to go no further and mention at random only such things as Maupassant's "The Necklace," "Claire de Lune," or "A Piece of String;" or some of the abundant vividnesses of Victor Hugo, as for instance the initial episode of Jean Valjean and the good Bishop Bienvenu, or that last tremendous encounter with Javert. Personally I should reject twenty of "Copey's" selections in favor of Olive Schreiner's "In a Ruined Chapel," or "The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed." The selections from Philosopher Dooley and Ring Lardner are by no means their best or funniest, judged by any taste.

There are inadvertences in indexing; most regrettable is the announcement in the Introduction of the account of the death of Falstaff (from "King Henry V") and its failure of inclusion in the book. I cannot find it.

It is easy to pick flaws in such a work; ungracious, too, for here is a labor of love and it is precisely what it purports to be—the selection by one man, according to his own taste, of things to read aloud. Other tastes, other selections; *de gustibus non est disputandum*. Withal it is a very fine collection; worthy of a place in any library. To become familiar with its contents is to gain a rich furnishing of thought and imagination. Professor Copeland has entitled himself to the gratitude not only of his own branch of the teaching profession, but of the whole world of readers in the English language.

Moreover, here is a sort of monument, erected by himself and quite legitimately, to a man peculiarly beloved. For "Copey," as he is generally and affectionately called, occupies a position unique at Harvard. There are other men there who as much as he build themselves into the lives of their students; there are men more ingratiating and popular. But I know of none who in quite the same way makes it both his business and his avocation to perform that magic of hand-picking which is the gift of only a few. His room in the ancient Hollis Hall is habitually the gathering place where weekly or oftener before the open fire sits the group or individuals of his students who find him a giver of life-values beyond the scope of class-room stuff. And every year at the Harvard Club in New York is held the dinner in his honor—even though in occasional emergency he be absent in the flesh—of the "Charles Townsend Copeland Association," which is no organization at all, but only the spontaneous annual gathering of Harvard graduates who insist upon paying tribute to the man who was to them something more than a mere perfunctory professor. For them he somehow completed the

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electric circuit of life; they know in their lives a vital current which they attribute to him. To such as these especially, this book means something very much more than is printed in its pages.

Probably he does not know how he does it. Probably he is quite mistaken in accounting for it. I dare say he thinks he did it by acquainting these boys with such literature as he has compiled in this doughty volume. In this book he promises during a forthcoming "year off" to write his reminiscences. Let us hope he does it; it will be a thing to anticipate eagerly. We shall see whether he is able to embody in words this ineffable Something that he has and gives. I doubt it. I do not believe it can be accounted for by any formula. To be conscious of it would be to lose it—nay, never to have had it! It is a gift of the gods, and it cannot be explained. It flowers in the hearts of others. As Copeland himself quotes, in his "Tribute to Dean Shaler":

"This minister to young men . . . will not die so long as there is a man alive that knew him."

Musical Art

THE STORY OF MUSIC. By PAUL BEKKER. New York: W. W. NORTON & Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD BURLINGAME
Harvard University

"THE Story of Music," originally a series of lectures for the Radio High School in Southwestern Germany, is a praiseworthy attempt to indicate the evolution of musical art, with a minimum of technicality, as an outcome of intellectual forces of the various periods concerned. It wisely omits superfluous biographical material in favor of causative analysis of no little perspicacity. Its purpose is succinctly expressed as follows: "We shall see that history is not a collection of dates and incidents and so-called facts, but the great *life process* of mankind, which we may comprehend, not by looking at it as a kind of historical costume parade, but only by trying to recognize the forces which control it."

After a sketch of early primitive music, the account of Greek music is particularly admirable. The conclusion of this section is worthy of quotation.

> Greek music is a beautiful myth of a world that has been. Its great influence upon succeeding times consists less in landing on actual musical examples than in stimulating ever anew the desire to reconstruct something that probably never existed in that particular form. For many efforts have been made—ever since the days of the Renaissance, of the Florentine opera and French tragedy, of Gluck's operatic reforms, of Schiller's "Bride of Messina," and Wagner's "Studies in Music"—to reconstruct antique drama with its peculiar relation to music. The Greek Theorists also exercised a profound influence on the earlier Middle Ages. It is probably safe to say that all these efforts were based upon mistaken ideas about Greek music, but the misunderstandings led to great productive results. We may therefore conclude, with all deference to research, that the true historic value of Greek music lies in the myth it has created about itself. The creation of this myth, which for centuries had a fructifying influence, was its greatest achievement.

One may search in vain through the standard histories of music to find such commonsense diagnosis and such justice of observation.

* * *

The accounts of Gregorian music and of the polyphonic developments to the sixteenth century are lucid and even engrossing. Here and there one finds misleading statements such as the mention of the German *minnesinger* before the French *trouvères* and *troubadours*, in reverse chronological order of their origin. Lassus, having passed much of his life in Munich, is deemed more important (by implication) than Palestrina, whereas he is significant chiefly in his premonition of harmonic style. The chapter on "Instrumental Harmony" is happily unconventional and stimulating in its exposition. On the other hand, the invention and growth of Italian opera, a dramatic episode of momentous consequences, is summarily treated. The chapters on Bach and Handel, of overwhelming significance for the Teuton, are expanded with undue sense of proportion. "But all names pale beside those of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. They are the sum and substance of musical culture in the eighteenth century." Without attempting to deny the weight of the above names, however, it is foolish to avoid acknowledgment of the indebtedness of German music to both French and Italian sources. Couperin, Rameau, Vivaldi, Alessandro and Domenico Scarlatti contributed much to Sebastian Bach. Despite the minimizing of the reaction of French and Italian methods upon German art, the presentation of both Bach and Handel in relation to the spirit of their time is arresting. So also are the interpretations of Haydn and Mozart. In commenting on Gluck, Mr. Bekker states: "When Gluck first came to Paris, therefore, as he did in 1774 at the age of sixty, to rehearse his 'Iphigenia in Aulis,' he found not a few obstacles in his path. The followers of Italian music turned violently against him, calling his music cold and scholarly, and only the admirers of the old French operas of Lully and Rameau stood by him." Quite true, but Mr. Bekker does not state that Vienna, in its enthusiasm for Italian opera, had proved so hostile to Gluck's idea of "reform" in opera, as to force him to attempt Paris as more enlightened and unprejudiced in dramatic matters.

The picture drawn of Beethoven is stereotyped, still fairly adequate. But the universal reaction of Beethoven upon the suceeding romantic composers is much understated.

* * *

From Beethoven, onward, owing perhaps to the diversity of currents, the exposition of "tendencies" is more casual. Weber is exalted at the expense of Schubert; Schumann is singularly neglected in favor of the historically less momentous Mendelssohn. The historical import of Liszt is belittled; Chopin, surely one of the most creative of nineteenth cenutry forces, is scarcely mentioned. The indubitable pioneer qualities of Berlioz are apparently unrecognized, despite the indebtedness of Liszt, Wagner, Richard Strauss, etc., to him. Wagner and Verdi, on the other hand, are skilfully contrasted.

Since Mr. Bekker wrote for German audiences, it is perhaps natural that he discourses at length of Brahms, Bruckner, Mahler, Strauss, and Reger, but there seems no adequate reason for his ignoring of Hugo Wolf, surely one of the great song-writers, and still less for his virtually passing by Schönberg, whose influence in the twentieth century has been widespread and unescapable. It is explicable that the mystical, unaggressive César Franck should be left out, but the group of his pupils constitutes a wing of the French school of composition which cannot be forgotten. That the Russians Glinka, Dargomischky, Borodin, Musorgsky (save for a reference to "Boris" and the songs as influencing Debussy), Rimsky-Kersakov, and Tschaikovsky should not even be mentioned constitutes a grave omission. Since nationalistic music in Russia was the direct outcome of nationalism in literature and of the liberalism which freed the serfs, Mr. Bekker lost a chance to correlate musical and intellectual "forces."

* * *

Notwithstanding signal shortcomings, most of them attributable to a patriotic desire to prove everything of moment in music German in source, there is unquestionably much of value in Mr. Bekker's book. In fact, up to the section dealing with romantic composers, there is truly illuminating comment in the way of revealing the background of musical art. It is often difficult to infer this from the majority of recognized histories. The untechnical reader will therefore find a genuine stimulus in "The Story of Music" provided that he exercises some indulgence towards its limitations in unsnarling the somewhat tangled thread of romantic and "modern" historical fabric.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for the position of Junior Librarian, applications for which must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than August 13. The date for assembling of competitors will be stated on their admission cards and will be about ten days after the close of receipt of applications. The examination is to fill a vacancy at the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C., and vacancies occurring in positions requiring similar qualifications in the Federal classified service throughout the United States. The entrance salary in the District of Columbia is $1,860 a year. After the probational period required by the Civil Service act and rules, advancement in pay will depend upon individual efficiency, increased usefulness, and the occurrence of vacancies in higher positions. For appointment outside of Washington, D. C., the salary will be approximately the same. Competitors will be rated on library economy; cataloguing, classification, and bibliography; modern languages (French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Swedish, Dano-Norwegian).

A Washington Gallery

WASHINGTON. By JOSEPH DILLAWAY SAWYER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. 2 vols. $20.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

AS a biography this work, while it may entertain and instruct the general reader, must be dismissed by historical students with the curt word "uncritical." It belongs with the books of Jared Sparks and Edward Everett. The problems and doubts which interest modern scholarship with reference to Washington's career have no existence for Mr. Sawyer. He calmly includes much legendary or dubious material; he can be guilty of so grave an inaccuracy as to say that in 1798 the United States declared war against France. The one original contribution which the two volumes make to the subject is a fairly full history of Mount Vernon after Washington's death—its "eclipse," as the author calls it, and its restoration and preservation as a patriotic shrine.

The real value of these handsome volumes is as a gallery of illustrations. Never before has such an array of pictures relating to Washington's career been brought within covers. There are more than 1,500 of them, ranging from Robert Washington of Sulgrave Manor, who died in 1619, to views of the various Washington monuments and statues erected in the United States. Not merely is this gallery of photographs, engravings, paintings, sketches, portraits, and so on certain to engross the ordinary reader, and kindle his imagination; it contains a good deal that will be of value to the most thorough and precise students of Washington material. The compiler's aim has been to include everything that is even remotely germane. We have about 250 portraits, good, bad, and apocryphal; photographs of museum pieces—swords, locks of hair, the Bastille key sent by Lafayette, the coffin-plate; reproductions of such floridly imaginative paintings as those of J. L. G. Ferris and such better works of art as Howard Pyle's; Revolutionary worthies galore; battle-pieces; natural scenes from Bunker Hill to the State of Washington; various interiors associated with Washington; and for good measure, random historical pictures, ranging from Pocahontas saving Capt. John Smith to the scene at Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, after the butchery of the Union army in 1862. Sometimes four pictures are thrust upon a single page.

* * *

The industry which assembled these illustrations, and the courage of the publisher in bringing out so costly a set, deserve commendation. But it must be added that the work would have been twice as valuable had more critical care gone to the choice of the pictures, and had they been reproduced with more dignity and finish. Many of them should have been excluded entirely. They are false or misleading and have no place in a careful historical work. Others should have been accompanied by a critical evaluation to put the unwary reader upon his guard. Still others should have been replaced by more carefully selected illustrations of the same subject. A number of the portraits are second-rate or third-rate; some of the pictures of places are worse than that—a few seem to have been taken from commercial postcards. As for the work of reproduction, it has frequently left the illustration rough or blurred. Photographs of half-tones seldom come out well in book-work, and such photographs appear numerous here. These are defects in a collection of real and enduring value.

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Secretaries and Policies

THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY. Edited by SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. 3 vols. $4 each.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

IN his preface to a series of volumes on the lives and achievements of our Secretaries of State, Nicholas Murray Butler stresses the fact that the Declaration of Independence, clarion call though it was to the oppressed of all nations, was predicated upon "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind." He proceeds to sketch in able outline the continuous series of international broils, not to say entanglements, that have confronted the heads of the State Department. It is indeed quite true, though a truth not yet sufficiently realized, that our rôle in the late war was precisely that played by the founders of the republic in the wars between England and the France of Louis XVI, of the French Revolution and of the Empire of Napoleon; that, yesterday as in the beginning, our vital interests and national honor, perhaps our existence as a nation, were to be safeguarded only by the realities of foreign alliance—call it cobelligerency, if you will.

Washington did indeed live to be sorely plagued by the French alliance which had been his and our salvation. Even in the first exultation that indispensable aid was forthcoming, his prudence and his deep wisdom foresaw imminent dangers. At a still earlier date John Adams had the same prevision—and subsequently suffered, as President, inconveniences quite as great. But what they cautioned us against was not all participation in the affairs of Europe, not even against all alliances, but only, to quote the Farewell Address, against such alliances as are "permanent" and therefore calculated, "by interweaving our destiny" with that of a foreign nation, to "entangle our peace and prosperity." Not until Jefferson's Inaugural Address did the loose phrase "entangling alliances" emerge to darken council. The historic fact is that the French alliance disentangled us from toils that threatened to strangle the infant Republic, becoming dangerous only in so far as it had elements of inescapable permanency. The series of volumes in hand bears strongly upon the problem of the League of Nations—the deeply perplexing problem of safeguarding our interests in the affairs of the world without embroiling us in controversies that do not primarily concern us. It aims to inculcate a decent respect not only for the opinions of mankind but for our own vital interests.

Not that the series is in any dubious sense propaganda. Neither President Butler nor James Brown Scott, who contributes a Historical Introduction, so much as mentions the League. The succeeding chapters are contributed by historians of repute, each a specialist in his field and writing as such. Archives have been ransacked with results which, if in no case momentous, yet form a permanent addition to our knowledge. The work as a whole will doubtless take rank among the rapidly increasing list of definitely restricted studies, such as "The American States During and After the Revolution," by Allan Nevins, and "The History of the American Frontier," by Frederic L. Paxson. The danger in such a work, made up of separate studies by a series of collaborators, is the lack of "one increasing purpose." A certain measure of *liaison* is indispensable. Wherever, as is generally the case, a negotiation is handled by two or more succeeding Secretaries of State, the chapters should snugly hook up with one another. This has been admirably accomplished. Among those interested primarily in our foreign relations the work is destined to afford an indispensable supplement, and in some cases to supersede, the general histories.

An effort has been made to "enliven" the narrative "by interweaving the story of the activities and the personalities of the men who have held the office of Secretary of State with the story of the work of that office itself." The endeavor promises well, for, as President Butler points out, "of the forty-two incumbents of the office six became President of the United States, and, in addition, no fewer than thirteen were at one time or another active candidates for that office, either at the polls or in the councils of their respective political parties." This latter activity has possibilities. If it could be detailed in such a work the result would doubtless prove enlivening. But the hard fact is that the Secretary of State as such, lively though his personality may be, is in reality subordinate to his President and has little scope for the traits that make for salient characterization. Examples of "the character which is drama" come to him from without. "Your veterans in diplomacy," wrote John Adams to R. R. Livingston, Secretary under the old Articles of Confederation, "consider us (American Ministers) as a kind of *militia*, and hold us, perhaps, as is natural, in some degree of contempt; but wise men know that militia sometimes gain victories over regular troops." The reference is to Bunker's Hill, then a recent memory. Long before the era of shirtsleeves, "militia diplomacy" was a byword. Yet Adams's boast was not without warrant: "I have long since learned that a man may give offense and yet succeed." That the highly contentious clauses of Jay's treaty were predetermined by Alexander Hamilton, working extra-officially with the British minister in Philadelphia, unbeknown to Secretary Jefferson and probably also to Washington, has been brilliantly shown by Professor Bemis in his monograph published in 1923, and the story is summarized here. "It would seem that the treaty which bears Jay's name should be credited to Alexander Hamilton." Though not precisely a militia diplomat, the Little Lion was unorthodox in his methods as John Adams—and, as is now generally conceded, as successful.

Those clauses of the treaty which were indubitably Jay's own provide for the peaceful settlement of disputes, and constitute a purer success. The principle of arbitration between states had been imbedded in the Articles of Confederation—and that was really arbitration between foreign nations, for the thirteen States were then more thoroughly "foreign" to one another than we of today can readily imagine. In 1785 Jay had prepared a report favoring the settlement of the boundary dispute with Great Britain by means of a mixed commission, and in 1790 Washington transmitted a copy of it to the Senate—urging, furthermore, a policy of arbitration in all possible disputes with all nations. Jay's treaty of 1794 provided for the arbitration of all outstanding difficulties—"a precedent which has been fruitful in subsequent international relations."

The result of John Adams's militia diplomacy was a treaty with Holland which enunciated principles designed to secure the freedom of the seas. Some of these principles had been foreshadowed in the treaty of 1778 with France, and all of them "have been contended for by the United States ever since." At Paris in 1783 Franklin went so far as to urge that not merely merchants with unarmed vessels but also fishermen, farmers, artisans, and manufacturers should be immune in person and in property. With the success of these efforts to confine the ravages of war the series in hand is very largely concerned, such being the chief substance of American diplomacy. How far we have proceeded, and in which direction, may be judged in this passage from the chapter on Timothy Pickering by the late Henry Jones Ford. It is the nearest approach to propaganda in the three volumes.

> Events have not tended to diminish the catalogue of contraband articles, as the United States desired, nor in general to enlarge neutral rights. The mechanical resources of war have been so enlarged as to give military value to many articles that were not formally supposed to possess it. Neutral rights have tended to narrow, rather than to enlarge. The belief that war can be restricted to the combatants primarily engaged, and that definite limits can be put to the disturbance caused by other nations, seems to be less and less practicable as the world goes on.

Few people doubt the essential benevolence of our agelong efforts in behalf of neutrals and of world peace; but the fact remains that we are by nature and manifest destiny a commercial nation, and that our interest in such matters is largely self-interest.

Unexplored Country

(*Continued from page* 987)

the fairy story and the myth as the legitimate and logical field for the screen. But the motion picture has a far wider range than that. There are superb possibilities for it in poetry—such poetry as Dante's, or Blake's, or Coleridge's, with all their rich freight of imagination. It has never yet been proved that the masses are insensible to the great because they accept the commonplace. If some producer would have the boldness to offer them a picture, shorn of the paraphernalia popularly considered necessary for success, and relying on the greatness of the imagination back of it for appeal, it might be triumphantly demonstrated that the public knows and loves the highest when it sees it.

A Saga of the Obscure

THE FORERUNNERS OF ST. FRANCIS. By ELLEN SCOTT DAVISON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927.

Reviewed by VIDA D. SCUDDER

THIS book was needed. In the universal honoring of St. Francis during the past year, it is well to remember that the beloved Poverello was no isolated genius. He and his movement were the final and fragrant flower of a passionate desire potent in Christendom during all its story. Nowhere are to be found more poignant phases of social compunction united to religious unrest, nowhere a braver challenge to conventional Christianity and the institutional Church, than at the very heart of the so-called Ages of authority and faith. "The list of those who questioned the teaching of the Church," says Miss Davison, "is longer in the two centuries just preceding the establishment of the mendicant orders than at any time since the Council of Nicæa." Diverse fluctuating movements, some within the pale of orthodoxy, others slipping into the limbo of heresies, marked the continuous effort of men to escape the shackles of private property and to live in that feudal and predatory world as they thought Christ meant men to live,—the free life of evangelical poverty, of brotherhood and love.

Of such movements this book tells the story, and it is a fine contribution to American scholarship. Nothing had filled its place, though Lea's "History of the Inquisition" and Tocco's "L'Eresia nel Medio Evo" occur to mind as its precursors. But the body of Lea's book belongs to a later period, and Tocco naturally does not deal with the monastic orders. Miss Davison's indefatigable studies, left incomplete at her death and brought into shape by the competent work of Miss Gertrude Richards, form a worthy memorial, and a witness to the ability of American women in historical research. The careful notes and ample bibliography offer a gathering of clues which it may be hoped that future students may follow, while the body of the text will give the general reader a comprehensive and accurate survey of certain less known yet not least significant aspects of medieval life.

* * *

The account of the eleventh and twelfth century monastic reformers is followed by chapters on Arnold of Brescia, on those fascinating people the Umiliati, on the Cathari and the Waldensians. Each chapter is full of fresh and vivid detail, for Miss Davison was never content to take factors at second hand; the book, this part of which is enlarged from her doctoral dissertation, bears evidence on almost every page of her painstaking investigation of sources. Miss Richards, who has expanded and rewritten from Miss Davison's notes, well supplements her. It is hardly possible to pass from the chapters on the monastic reformers to those which follow, and discern where a second hand has been at work. Perhaps, however, had the work received the final shaping of the author, there might have been a little more illumined interpretation in proportion to the presentation of facts. One craves delineation more obviously from within of the thought and feeling that inspire these movements of social and religious revolt, which M. Shotwell well calls in his Foreword "a saga of the obscure." The most readable portion of the volume is the Second Part, with its delightful little sketches, sometimes unfinished and fragmentary, picturing the reaction of social and economic forces deep in the life of the common people. Fresh and vital, taken straight from the sources, these sketches show both Miss Davison's ardor in research and her genuine power to make the past live again for us.

But the whole book is packed with information, and it is a fine thing to have gathered in one volume the story of those protesting groups: so restive all of them under the discrepancies between the Gospel they professed and the claims of a despotic and worldly Church, so fervently sure that in evangelical poverty was the Way enjoined by Christ, and so unable to follow that Way, except by either withdrawing from the common lot like monks, or drifting into vagaries like the Cathari. Miss Davison evidently thought that the Christian radical is now as then confronted by an insoluble dilemma. She says: "Early Christianity was . . . an attempt to regulate the individual life according to the precepts and commands of Christ, among which were sev-

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eral which if followed literally would have effectually barred the development of any institution based on Christianity." Her whole book is in a way a comment on that sentence, nor does it exhaust by any means the comment to be made.

Meanwhile, this tale of protest against the temporalities and worldliness of the Church, and the general difficulty of living the good life in an acquisitive society, is impressive. At many a turn a modern mind finds itself in fellowship with these gallant, bewildered minds of times long past. The effect of the book is cumulative, and if we add to its story, knowledge of the stubborn effort of Francis's successors to discard ownership and live true to love and poverty, we feel the power of a conflict forever thwarted, forever renewed. Will men ever be satisfied till they find how to live in the normal world so that obedience to Christ's commands shall not lead to defeat or disaster? Modern psychology is helpless to account for those secret impulses coursing through our veins, apparently from a source above nature.

How did Francis, who is remembered, differ from the Cathari, Umiliati, and the rest, who are forgotten? Because, says Miss Davison in her conclusion, he had "capacity for caring so intensely for one's fellow men that all questions of doctrine and of dogma sink into relative unimportance." Other points may be noted. Francis, for instance, eschewed criticism, and never dealt in denunciation. Instead of scoring the Church, he and his sons calmly proceeded to be it, so to speak,—to work from within, following quite simply the Way of Life as they saw it. Moreover, renunciation of worldly goods was no end in itself to them, as it was to the monk and the ascetic, but the inevitable expression of a natural,—or supernatural,—sense of values. Wherefore the blessing of the meek was theirs, and joyously inheriting the earth, they sang triumphant Lauds of the Creatures.

This story of their predecessors, the Christian radicals of the twelfth century, has substantial importance alike for the disinterested student of history and for the troubled and seeking mind of the Christian social reformer.

Medieval Days

BROTHER JOHN, a Tale of the First Franciscans. By VIDA D. SCUDDER. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 1927. $2.50.

THE DISCIPLE OF A SAINT, Being the Imaginary Biography of Raniero Di Landoccio Dei Pagliaresi, Secretary to St. Catherine of Siena. By VIDA D. SCUDDER. New York: E. P. Dutton. New edition. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

MISS SCUDDER'S imaginative reconstructions of the past reveal the specialist in love with her subject. To the lives of the followers of St. Francis and to the intimates of St. Catherine of Siena she brings not only a scholar's careful research but a sympathy, reverence, and understanding that make her spiritual kin to the times she recreates.

"Brother John" is professedly not a novel—indeed it is much less a novel than its predecessor, "The Disciple of a Saint." The latter, with its more ambitious style, its more involved plot, and its portraits of sinners as well as of saints, may legitimately claim the attention of any reader who would penetrate below the surface of medieval life by way of a very readable historical romance. "Brother John," on the other hand, seeks merely to make real for us the problems that beset the early followers of St. Francis, their difficulty in remaining true to Lady Poverty, the pressure brought to bear on them both by the monastic orders and the Church, the conflict between the more spiritual and the more worldly elements within the Order itself.

As we accompany the young Lord of Sanfort, turned simple Brother John, in his journey from his English castle to Assisi and later Rome, we meet every type of friar from the most learned to the most humble, and share in all their varied occupations and experiences, human and spiritual. In the end there emerges, against a faintly indicated background of strife and intrigue, a charming picture of those gentle, happy, and mystically exalted Franciscans who found their keenest pleasure in the simplest of tasks and rejoiced contentedly in their discovery that the more they renounced, the more they possessed.

Miss Scudder's way is far from being George Moore's way, but her accomplishment in these two books is not incomparable with that of Mr. Moore in his more detailed and elaborate chronicle of the days of Abelard and Heloise. With themes less modern and human in their appeal than those involved in the great medieval tale of love, renunciation, and frustration, Miss Scudder has nevertheless recreated for us in a beautiful, unmannered prose, delicately attuned to her subjects, the moods and tempers of alien times and peoples.

An Immortal Love

THE IMMORTAL MARRIAGE. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

THE immortal marriage is that of Pericles and Aspasia in Athens of the fifth century B. C. That the love of this man and this woman has lived on gloriously because of the glory of their city and time cannot be denied. But it is also true that to Pericles the immortality of Athens was in large part due. Perhaps never have a man and a city been so completely one. Aspasia was not Athenian born, which is the only reason why their relationship in the strict legal sense could not be called a marriage, and without doubt Mrs. Atherton is right in following the modern scholarship which has taken her out of the class of the ordinary courtesans of the age.

Aspasia came to Athens from Miletus in Asia Minor, where women lived freely and might be richly educated. It was the same freer tradition which shaped Sappho in Lesbos in an earlier century. In Athens a curious reactionary temper kept women in a very inferior position. Even emotionally they were assigned a small rôle. Mrs. Atherton makes a typical Athenian say to Aspasia, in protest against her sympathy with a love affair between a young man and a girl: "True love can exist between intellectual and high-minded men only. It is but the meaner sort of love that a man may feel for a woman, who is without virtue; or with only those lesser virtues which are necessary in the house." The crystal facets of the period took no brilliancy from women. In the healthful, open-air, athletic life, which made bodies fit to house the keenest intellects, they had no share. Nor were they any more desired in the lively intellectual and artistic life. When Socrates came to die, he wanted only his men friends about him for talk on the immortality of the soul. Wife and children were sent away before the great hour.

* * *

Into a city like this came Aspasia, not only beautiful, but highly educated, brilliant, able. Pericles was unhappily married. They came together like two stars destined to one orbit. No lover of Hellas, especially if she be a woman also, can fail to be moved by this immortal love. Mrs. Atherton insists upon calling it a marriage, for Olympias, the legal wife, left Pericles, and Aspasia was the head of his house, bringing up his sons and young wards, and herself bearing him a son. Only on account of a law proposed by Pericles himself was he illegitimate, his mother being a foreigner. Later, when the proud statesman's older sons had died, he asked for and obtained the legal legitimacy of Aspasia's.

But this is anticipating the story. The novel is without plot, except such as history has made. When Aspasia comes over from Miletus with her uncle, the architect who has been sent for to beautify Piræus, the harbor town, Pericles is at the height of his power. The ups and downs of politics follow. The enemies of Pericles sometimes win, so that the comic poets of the day dare publicly to defame Aspasia—whence the erroneous tradition of her character. Then once more his statesmanship and eloquence are commandeered by the volatile populace. Through all changes, all troubles, all successes, Aspasia is by his side. The greater among his friends honor her—Socrates, of course, Sophocles, Thucydides, Anaxagoras the philosopher, Phidias. Immortal figures roam about in the book. Alcibiades is still a child, a ward in the house of Pericles. Euripides is beginning to be talked about, although Sophocles is still the most popular dramatist—Æschylus has passed off the stage, Aristophanes is a child. Immortal works of art, like the Parthenon, are in process.

At last the Peloponnesian War begins—but its dreary length is hidden from view in the novel. The terrible plague of the first year of invasion by Sparta decimates Athens. Pericles is blamed for all the woes. His friend Phidias is accused on some charge and imprisoned. Aspasia is also accused, with the hemlock in the balance, but the court yields to the impassioned appeal of her great lover. His two older sons die the horrible death of the plague. The next year he himself sickens mysteriously and dies. Nothing in the book is more characteristic of Mrs. Atherton than the scene at his deathbed, when Aspasia stares down at the emaciated form and shrunken skull-like head of the man who for so many years had been her friend and companion and lover, and he opens his eyes upon her wide, horrified, but pitying gaze. He is buried, with public ceremony, and in the last sentence of the book we part from Aspasia, with her sad eyes, wearing a faintly puzzled expression, fixed on the sealed door of the tomb.

That Aspasia and Pericles were united in their intellects as well as by passion is obviously the secret of Mrs. Atherton's interest in their story. The union of minds she emphasizes throughout, so entirely subordinating the element of passion as to give to the novel an austerity not usually associated with her work. May we guess that she turns to this ancient marriage of great natures in order to portray what she hopes may be the marriage of the future?

Has she told the ancient story, as a story, well? That is hard for one already familar with the period to determine. Is it really as dull, as sapless, as it seems in many chapters, or is one only missing one's own pet ideas about the historical personages or events? At any rate the book is done with every desire for fidelity in details. Mrs. Atherton is said to have spent months in Athens, and her list of "authorities" is long and excellent. Of minor errors it would be ungracious to take notice, so large is the canvas she set herself to paint. But the fidelity obvious in most of the archæological data still remains the fidelity of the student who has crammed for a purpose rather than the fidelity of the master who has lived with these ghosts of the past. "From out the ghost of Pindar in you"—so Tennyson wrote to Sir Richard Jebb, the great Hellenist. Not even Aspasia, we venture to say, has been as close to the author of the "Immortal Marriage," much less her city and her times. But all the same she has convinced us that a man and a woman once loved greatly. And that is probably what she meant to do.

Unusual Tales

THE HOUSE OF LOST IDENTITY. By DONALD CORLEY. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WE have seen Mr. Corley's drawings before. A book or folder of them was published several years ago. They have fantastic imagination but did not greatly impress us so far as style was concerned. Neither do they as adjuncts to the present volume. But we had *not* been following Mr. Corley's stories in *Harper's*, *The Pictorial Review*, and *Scribner's*, and the unusual quality of some of them has enchanted us. One can remark, "Dunsany!" and one can also be reminded of Mr. Cabell, who writes a graceful if somewhat repetitive "Note for the Intending Reader" to this volume; but Mr. Corley's own individuality, beyond all influence, is impressed upon the best of these tales. The very best, we agree with Mr. Cabell, is "The Legend of the Little Horses." It is richer, and nearer to our human existence here below than the purer fantasies. "The Glass Eye of Throgmorton" is a good shudder-story, but even Gouverneur Morris, when he girded up his loins, used to do rather better in this *genre*. "The Daimyo's Bowl" is beautiful decoration, "The Song of the Tombelaine" achieves a finely tapestried effect, "The House of Lost Identity," "The Price of Reflection," "The Tale That the Ming Bell Told," "The Book of the Debts" all have glamour and inventiveness; but a good deal more satisfactory than any of these are "The Manacles of Youth," "Figs," and "The Ghost-Wedding." Mr. Cabell's insistence that in this volume we encounter magic is more justified when one considers these particular stories, together with "The Legend of the Little Horses," which we have already mentioned.

The poet is insistent upon glamorous atmosphere

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n stories he reads or writes. The prose writer pure nd simple insists, on the other hand, upon accurate hotography. The poet paints in words, the usual rose-writer makes his mind into a kodak. Mr. Corley is most certainly a poet. Atmospheric glamour comes first with him, but his feet are firmly nough set upon the ground, if his head be in the louds, for him to give his stories structure. The irst three we have mentioned above involve in decorative fashion the frustration and consummaion of human love.

Of course the average reader can seldom get nterested in the problem of human love unless it be presented to him in persons plausible to the world about him, and about his ears in most instances. Or, if the teller of tales must journey into the past, it must, for the average reader, be a definitely historical past in which the average reader can find his way about and relate what the writer is telling him to documentation in the actual history of the world or its legends. The average writer of "period" fiction supplies this documentation. Mr. Corley does not. He speaks immediately and intimately of the Gateway of Azure and Forty-Towered Baladan. Dunsany, Cabell instigated such excursions. Well, the average reader, to spoil my own point, has not proved averse to either. But, in general, the artist must reckon on ill attention if he thus essays. Nevertheless, Mr. Corley has thus essayed, and, in several instances, most successfully.

I should say that Mr. Corley was a natural-born teller of tales, which is very different from being a natural-born magazine-short-story writer. Therefore I marvel at his success in purveying his vair and purple dyes to the current periodicals. But there it is. They have been recognizant of his magic. It is a hopeful sign. Mr. Corley, with his poetic fabrications can give one an extremely pleasant evening, if one is susceptible to glamorous dreams. It is not an ill thing to be so susceptible in a world of vociferant emptiness and violent shadows. It is a fortunate propensity.

I Want An Epitaph

By John Bennett

I WANT an epitaph.
I'm Tired of
Smith, Brown, and Jones,
Who say they wish no line above
Their cast-off bones!

I want men to remember,
When gray Death sets me free,
I was a man who had many friends,
And many friends had me:
And welcome, as a rainy wind
Is welcome to a tree
Withering in life's austere drought,
Was our confraternity.

"Of many a life-long friend
Unforgetful and unforgot:
The golden best."
That much my epitaph should say:
"For all the rest
His was the common lot
And ordinary way."

Say what you please bevond that line;
It will not matter.
"Here sleeps an unsuccessful fool,
As crazy as a hatter.
Success? He would have welcomed it,
If it had been his portion.
He did not much; he had not much
Of what men call good fortune;
He slept while his companions slept;
He often overslept them;
But, yet . . . he made a thousand friends.

Yes; and, by God! he kept them!"

The Scottish Dialects Committee is appealing for financial help to complete its project for a dictionary of the Scottish language for which it has been collecting material for twenty years. The Committee has at its disposition a large amount of material remaining from that amassed by the "New English Dictionary" but ruled out of that by the limitations governing its general plan.

The Bowling Green

KEITH PRESTON will be sadly missed; his untimely death, in his 43rd year, was a grief to us all. It was an excellent day for literary journalism when he gave up a Latin professorship at Northwestern University to become columnist and soothsayer on the Chicago *Daily News*. He entered with charming grace into the apostolic succession of witty versifiers whose stanzas have scoured that city not less keenly than her winds from off the Lake.

Preston was a real wit, and he brought to his diurnal oracles the clear focus and perspective of a trained scholar. His Ph.D., one remembers, was awarded for special studies in "The Diction of the Sermo Amatorius of the Latin Comedy," and there was always the specially Latin flavour in his own verses, a sort of phosphate of lime and Plautus, an acetylene sparkle. His mind was suckled at the dugs of the Roman wolf, he was Uncle Romulus rather than Uncle Remus. Sometimes we used to think that he was almost too insistent to give his commentaries a night-club flavor, to loop the loop too conscientiously. But, having put his cakes in the oven of journalism, it was part of his quiet merriment to do them brown and crisp.

Many have been reproached as punsters who were never so peccant as he—for instance one of his Chinese seizures:

Lapsus Linguae

We wanted Li Wing
But we winged Willie Wong,
A sad but excusable
Slip of the tong.

He was parodist, punster, satirist, and wit. Who that happened upon the following in the hurly-burly of pre-Christmas shopping and advertising will miss the real feeling behind the touch of savagery—

The First Christm.s

Peter was a fisher boy
Helping with the haul;
Pilate was a shavetail
Leading troops in Gaul.
Judas was as innocent
As little child can be;
The wood that made the crucifix
Was still a growing tree;
Unminted still the silver
That made the traitor's pay,
And none had yet commercialized
The spirit of the day.

Like so many satirist brethren he was himself of a gracious shy gentleness and gravity; and liable, moreover, to those mischances of the impossibly absurd which specially afflict philosophers. I remember him arriving late at a large lunch-table in the Blackstone Hotel, one of those generous luncheons spread by Marcella Burns-Hahner, the famous bookseller. The others were all seated and already at pasture; Keith, very late, approached bashfully through the crowded room and made a polite circuit of the board to greet his hostess and the other guests. Suddenly he disappeared backward into a dense tropic of ferns and jungle which was arranged in a degraded recess at the corner of the room. I shall not forget with what anxious courtesy he eventually re-emerged, climbing out from among the foliage, and remarking that he had often heard that Blackstone was full of difficult passages.

When there was a certain ill-starred meeting of the Modern Language Association, at which he was to speak, who was more pained than he to observe the occasion tottering toward the brink of contentious farce. One remembers with affection the meetings with him—too few—at the Cliff-Dwellers Club or in an office in the People's Gas Building, where his shy humor spread wings, where speculation dropped its landing gear and none of us cared when or whether we came back to earth. He enjoyed representing himself as the saturnian temperament—

I like to prod the piffle
With which the press is full,
Or, like the banderillo,
Pin ribbons on the bull—

but how prettily the ribbons were impricked:

We cannot bear to roast a book
Nor brutally attack it;
We lay it gently on our lap
And dust its little jacket.

Speaking with the privilege of one whose own jacket had occasionally—and how charmingly—been so depulverized—I write these lame paragraphs with a heavy sense of affection and loss.

* * *

Though he has done little active book-publishing in recent years, Mr. Mitchell Kennerley did not until lately transfer into other hands his remaining copyrights. This seems to me to deserve some memorandum, for it marks the vacation of an imprint that has been remarkable among lovers of fine work. The thrilling complexities and instances of the auction business in rare books and fine arts (Mr. Kennerley is president of the Anderson Galleries) are arduous enough, yet one may regretfully note the retirement of a publishing mark that has stood upon the first appearance of so much rare talent. It may be that publishing as a one-man joy, as the expression of a personal genius of taste, will eventually be superseded by vaster congeries of editing and manufacture. Yet if so it will still be a pity, for in no other field is distinction so plainly a function of X—X being that rare and individual gift of sensibility.

I doubt if there has been in our time any publisher with more sensitized development of the specified publisher's instinct for Knowing It First. And what comfortable taste Mr. Kennerley has always had for the sobrieties of fine bookmaking. That one of the most comely of modern type-fonts is named for him is well known. From the appearance of that rare little anthology, *Modern Love*, in 1906, down to the latest catalogue of the Anderson Galleries, Kennerley's magic with paper, type and ink has been manifest in everything that bore his name. He was trained in the lively schoolroom of old John Lane, where he began as an office boy: the humorous and tragic decadents of the Nineties surrounded his boyhood at the Bodley Head. His anecdotes of those days are still the most entertaining panorama of the Sunflower Decade. He came to New York in 1896 as Lane's envoy. For these thirty years he has known the literary scene in these parts as only an acute and tolerant publisher can. It would be unseemly to venture upon personal gratuity, yet I may be forgiven for thinking M.K.'s carefully guarded sanctum at the Anderson Galleries the most interesting chamber in New York, where one hears the best and shrewdest talk about books that I know anywhere. A catalogue raisonné of the books on the shelves of that room, which it is my private ambition some day to attempt, would imply the richest part of a history of our own times.

Such a history would have to record that Kennerley, probably more than any other editor, was first to remark and put between covers (either in *The Forum* or in books) much of the finest stuff of our day. His Lyric Year competition in 1912 was admittedly the mouthpiece for the newer voice in American poetry. It was he who first started Edward Carpenter, Leonard Merrick, Frank Harris (quantum mutatus) on this side of the inkwell: who issued the first really portable Leaves of Grass, who introduced Hergesheimer, Vachel Lindsay, Arthur Ficke, Edna Millay; who initiated the Modern Drama Series of great European plays. I mention only such items as occur to me offhand; reference to publishing lists would afford surprising reminders. Kennerley was unquestionably the first Modern publisher in this country, in the particular sense in which the word is used nowadays. In matters of taste and literary sensitiveness few others have ever caught up with him.

I always think his most characteristic editorial touch was what he did in *The Forum* when the Great War began. He ripped open the September, 1914, issue of the magazine, already on its way to press, and inserted, as the leading feature of that number, a reprint of The Sermon on the Mount.

This is a very inadequate tribute to the genius of the Kennerley imprint, which was one of the most interesting episodes in the whole history of American publishing. I venture it just at this moment partly because it is News, but more because M. K. happens to be abroad and cannot forbid me.

Christopher Morley.

Mr. George Earle Buckle is to bring out in the fall a new volume of the letters of Queen Victoria. It is said to contain some somewhat sensational matter. The volume is to come down to the year 1885.

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Books of Special Interest

The Status of Religion

PROTESTANT EUROPE: ITS CRISIS AND OUTLOOK. By ADOLF KELLER and GEORGE STEWART. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by H. ADYE PRICHARD
Rector, St. Mark's Church, Mt. Kisco

IF one believes that the sanity and civilized progress of mankind depends on religion—as this reviewer does—he will lay down this book with mingled feelings of depression and encouragement. For it deals with the state of organized religion in the great continent of Europe; and deals with it in so comprehensive a manner that little, whether hopeful or despairing, is left unsaid.

It is far more easy to write about the church than about religion. The church can be to a large extent expressed in statistics, and tabulated in columns; religion, being the province of the unseen spiritual life of man, is susceptible of no such analysis. It is not therefore always the case that the state of the church in its visible presence truthfully mirrors the state of religion. Many observers believe, for instance, that the world today is infinitely more under the spell of religion than any mere description of the membership and activity and influence of the church would indicate.

The moral and inspirational and spiritual movements that surge in Europe today outside the pale of any church are perhaps the most encouraging signs of the times. They have a strong hold upon the young; they exist among widespread fraternal and mutual welfare associations; they have an international and universal character. They may force the church, which is not influential in counsels of peace or war, in courts or factories, as it used to be, to a house cleaning which will set in places of honor the things that are to be admired, and relegate the dusty relics of medievalism and tradition to the monkish attics where superstition is more considered than salvation.

The modern churchman is faced with a very difficult—and essentially serious—problem in proportion. He believes that a vast deal of the integral life of the Christian fellowship, which the Roman Catholic Church has always struggled to preserve, is of inestimable value in keeping a sane sense of the gradual unfolding of God through Jesus Christ in the developing affairs of men; and yet he feels that, as modern scholarship and discovery and science open wider and wider the various doors of man's knowledge, room must be left for an expansion of interpretation and a modification of ancient axioms. Religion no longer can commend itself by dictating to science. Science must be allowed to guide religion—as it will do whether its claim to leadership is acknowledged or not. Therefore there would seem to be a chance, in this new Europe that the war has brought into being,—not for the dominance of the undeviating spirit of traditional Roman Catholicism, nor for the unscientific rationalism of much modern Protestantism—but for a wise synthesis of that faith which keeps what is best in the past with what is glorious in the present.

To such a synthesis it would seem that Europe, perhaps unconsciously, is applying its most developed powers of spiritual discovery. It may be true that in fourteen countries, due to an accumulation of calamities, the Protestant Church is fighting for its life; that everywhere, largely owing to economic conditions, there is a dearth of theological students; that the religious education of children is being hopelessly neglected in one country after another: it may be true, on the other hand, that Roman Catholicism is showing astounding gains, for instance in Germany where "eighty-eight Protestant institutions closed in 1923, while in the five years leading up to that date the Catholic Church opened seven hundred such institutions"—yet it would seem, from all the evidence, that the Protestantism that is threatened is not perhaps a very valuable form of Reformation fruit, and the Catholicism that is growing is not the ironbound type that has appeared from time to time to fetter the imagination of men. It may be that the changing theological front is working out, between the two, as the writers say is the case in England, a social conscience that emphasizes that the solution of modern civilization lies only in the understanding and acceptance of Christ as a living person, still potent in the lives of men. In this Gospel there is no reason why the best of modern Protestantism and the best of traditional Catholicism should not find themselves in brotherly agreement.

After all there is room for all schools of reverent thought that find their inspiration somewhere in the mind of Jesus. Names should not be powerful to separate, and methods need not lead to division. The Christian faith rests on a spirit, not on a letter.

Many of the aspects of the situation in Europe as discussed in this book form a fascinating and illuminating study. For instance it strikes the imagination to think of little groups of adherents of a National Church cut off entirely from the root of that church by the new alignment of national boundaries as adopted by the League of Nations; to be reminded of the great poverty that makes it well nigh impossible to give their lives solely to culture, under an economic pressure which commands that Europe shall produce; to learn of the great influence of the Y. M. C. A., for example, and the Baptist Church in large sections of Europe. Such information as the sympathetic recital of those facts gives is novel and stimulating to an American reader.

But most of all is it stirring to read of the great desire, deep-seated in the nature of men, and displaying itself even in times of political, social, and economic chaos, to find and preserve a religion. Some of us, perhaps, as our minds turned to Europe, never gave a thought to its spiritual future, so interested were we in debts and boundaries and industries. It is good to know that Europe has set its face towards the morning of promise and is bent on discovering the way of God out of the morass of war. It may be that, when the sun rises, its light may be purer than before because of the mist that has covered its face.

In the South Seas

CANNIBAL NIGHTS. By CAPTAIN H. E. RAABE. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by ARCHIE BINNS

THIS book is not for babes and sucklings, unless they are the variety that strangle serpents while still in the cradle. Captain Raabe was one of these—shanghaied from an American clipper at thirteen, duelling second mate of a blood-stained South Sea trader at fourteen, and later blackbirder, follower of the Doubtful Flag and lieutenant to that notorious and epic character of the Islands, Bully Hayes.

"Cannibal Nights" is a true account of Captain Raabe's adventures in the South Seas during the 'seventies and early 'eighties. Possibly the fact that the greater part of the book is taken up with the first voyage suggests that some events have been unconsciously telescoped. But the events themselves, unbelievable as they would sound in fiction, are set down with unmistakable candor and veracity.

Captain Raabe's book will take even the lover of the sensational into deep water; it contains some of the most thrilling passages this reviewer has ever read. At least one cannot be passed by without mention—the one where young Raabe joins the man-eating natives of Guadalcanar in a night attack on the boats of the blackbirding *Tinacula*. It is doubtful if anything in fiction could equal that scene for sheer atavism—a white boy among savages in the impenetrable night, acting with them, then thinking and feeling with them—until the magnificent climax of the attack, when the boy Raabe becomes a primeval savage, thirsting for the blood of white men. Read that chapter—and then, if you can, keep from glancing hastily at yourself to see if you have not changed to a naked black!

Not all of the book is so masterfully written; there are some touches that will add nothing for those who do not realize that a man cannot be a seaman without being sentimental at times. But "Cannibal Nights" has no dull pages, and there are a dozen scenes of buccaneering, adventure, and gorgeous comedy anyone of which is worth the price of the book.

As a record of lawless pioneer days in the South Seas, "Cannibal Nights" should take an enduring place; as the most thrilling book this reviewer has read in years it is recommended to every man and woman who is not suffering from anemia—and every bloodthirsty boy who has ever yearned to be a pirate.

Roosevelt and the Caribbean

By Howard C. Hill

Roosevelt's public and private correspondence, copies of his speeches, significant memoranda, engagement books, confidential reports, and personal notes are all deposited in the Library of Congress. Mr. Hill is the third person permitted to examine this material with a view to publication. With this inaccessible and important material at his complete disposal, Mr. Hill has written a new chapter in the story of Roosevelt's negotiations with the Central American countries.

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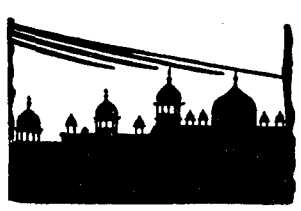

A courageous book that tells the truth about the Orient.

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

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Books of Special Interest

French Writers

FRENCH STUDIES AND REVIEWS. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. New York: The Dial Press. 1926.

Reviewed by MERRIAM SHERWOOD

THIS is a collection of articles reprinted from the *Times Literary Supplement* and the *Criterion*. They are mild little studies that will tell nothing to those who are special students of French literature. Perhaps the book may call the attention of amateurs to one or more forgotten writers—especially those of the medieval period. Yet it can hardly encourage intimate acquaintance, for there is an unnecessary aridity about it. In one essay Mr. Aldington remarks that "the grave defect of this set of satirists is flatness"—a criticism that has to be applied to the present book. It is a very bookish book indeed, but without the saving graces of an original point of view and solid information. The thoughts are scant enough and the information, such as it is, might as well be gotten elsewhere.

The first third of the book is made up of six reviews of recent scholarly studies or critical editions of a number of medieval French texts. One wonders just what purpose Mr. Aldington had in mind in writing these reviews. What class of readers did he expect to interest? Scholars certainly would go to the learned periodicals for expert criticism. Mr. Aldington is simply an unusually well-read amateur of Old French. He would be peculiarly well qualified to interest the general educated public in this older period, for which he seems to have a very real enthusiasm. Yet his reviews are no better calculated to attract the general reader than the scholar. Mr. Aldington quotes liberally from his Old French texts. He does this without translating. There might be some excuse for such a procedure if one were discussing a modern French work. But Old French is not modern French and is far from being intelligible to anyone—even a Frenchman—who has not made a special study of it. Mr. Aldington's reviews fall flat. Even his style has a deadening effect, except in the occurrence, here and there, of an aptly turned phrase.

Perhaps an exception might be made, to some extent, in regard to the essay on François Villon. His estimate of this impudent, lovable, self-centered bad boy of fifteenth-century Paris is very just and quite refreshing after the maudlin eulogies one is accustomed to hear.

The larger section of the book deals with the modern period. The essay on "Characters and Portraits" is one of the least unsatisfactory here. It consists of an outline history of the "character study"—but an outline so thinly drawn that the contours do not come out very clearly. For all that appears we can find neither support nor disproof for Mr. Aldington's final statement that Mr. Lytton Strachey is a brilliant master of the "portrait biography."

Sometimes, as in the essay on "The Youth of M. de Florian," one is a bit stimulated by Mr. Aldington's lack of orientation. He conceives that those who wrote admiring descriptions of rustic simplicity and who yet could not live away from Paris represent the class of "apparently inconsistent characters so frequent in the second half of the eighteenth century, who, in a time of confusion and transition, are pulled this way and that by the conflicting forces of their age." Nothing is more easy to say; but bucolic literature has flourished in many epochs and a little thought about it makes one incline towards another version of Florian's state of mind: he was not "pulled this way and that," perhaps, but was just doing what has always been done—living in the city and writing about the country. We are free to doubt very much, by the way, that people were particularly "inconsistent" in the second half of the eighteenth century. Mr. Aldington is inclined to offer his opinions as facts, which is a poor method where history is involved.

Another example of his substitution of captivating opinion for historical truth is his identification of Charlie Chaplin with the Harlequin of Italian comedy. His theory of the *commedia dell' arte* is the one now made banal by cynics who find in this quaint slap-stick rogue the embodiment of human wisdom, the unlearned Democritus who is yet "wise" enough to laugh at the learned and at human effort in general. No doubt Charlie Chaplin is a wise man, too. But he moves in a very realistic world, whereas Harlequin lives through fantastic centuries of convention; probably he never had a social status more befitting him or giving him a better opportunity to win our admiration and affection than that which he occupies today on the rattling stages of Punch-and-Judy shows. It would be right enough to say that Charlie Chaplin serves humanity today somewhat as Harlequin once did. But "other times, other customs"; an identification of the two is flimsy history and betrays a very curious substitute for philosophy. It represents perfectly the long misused method of tracing origins and influences by identification rather than by analogy.

One essay—that on Scarron—is much better; one could wish it longer than it is. Another, about M. de Navenne's description of the Farnese Palace, carries with it an authentic atmosphere of the Rome that was before the Piedmontese modernizers modernized it. A few lines on Plessys in "Four Modern Poets" might have become a very fine essay. In another on Mérimée he finds one of the happiest of phrases when he describes a generation as "deafened by the advice of Victor Hugo."

One knows why the reviews were written; and, although far from the best in their *genre*, they probably served their purpose. It is not so easy to see why they have been reprinted between cloth covers.

Ritual and Myth

CELTIC MYTH AND ARTHURIAN MYTHOLOGY. By ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS. New York: Columbia University Press. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by GORDON HALL GEROULD
Princeton University

COMPARATIVE mythology is always a dangerous wilderness in which to wander. The trails are singularly confused, and the trees look so much alike that intrepid wayfarers often mistake resemblance for identity. There are queer formations, too. Anyone with half a mind to it can find solar heroes and vegetable gods behind every bush. The moral is that no scholar ought to venture into the forest unless he is both tough-minded and hard-headed. Erudition will not save him.

Learning, and enthusiasm, and an agreeable style have not saved the author of this volume from writing what is rather a work of imagination than of scholarship. Mr. Loomis can believe, one fears, anything he wishes to believe. He lacks the power of seeing things in the dry, clear light of commonsense, and he is therefore a peculiarly dangerous guide. His fundamental error is the notion that French and German romances of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had in mind and embodied in their fiction an amazingly complicated set of myths derived from Celtic heathendom: stories so many centuries buried in the past that—on his own showing—neither Bretons nor Welsh nor Irish had preserved them distinctly. He asks us to believe that foreigners, bent chiefly as we know on amusing court ladies, somehow managed to make these blurred memories of the past so clear that scholars in the twentieth century may hope to reconstruct from them both the ritual and the myth of the British Isles as they were when Caesar came. Fatuity could go no farther.

It is an incidental difficulty of such attempts, in which Mr. Loomis is merely bolder and less cautious than most of his coworkers, that the conjecture of one chapter must become the accepted fact of the next, and that one strained etymology must lead to another until half a dozen heroes are "equated" with an unknown god. That medieval fiction-writers ever let imagination range is quite forgotten. This is not the place in which to point out in detail the defects of the volume under review. The author has gathered together a great deal of interesting material and made various conjectures that deserve further study; but he is wholly uncritical in method and about certain matters displays rather painful ignorance. The layman will scarcely be tempted to read his book, and the scholar must read it with extreme caution. The Arthurian sculptures at Modena, for example, with which the whole argument begins, cannot yet be safely dated. Until archæologists have ceased dogmatic assertion about them and have shown definite evidence for so early a date as 1100, students of literature will do well to avoid using them as the basis for guesses of their own.

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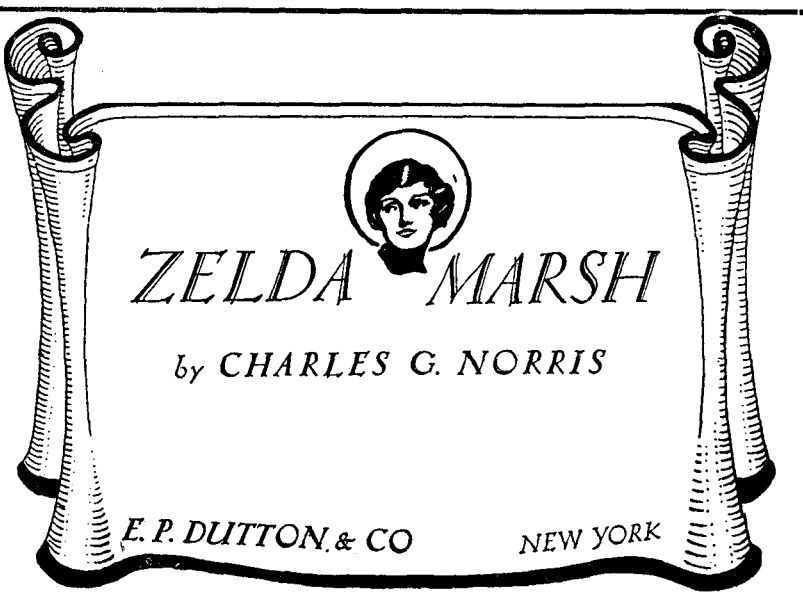

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Limousin in Literature

By René Galland

"Ah! Limousin, franche terre courtoise."
—Bertrand de Born.

ALMOST every year I spend my summer holidays in Limousin, whose hills—a part of the so-called Massif Central—are not as yet invaded by the tourist tribe. It is a land of singular beauty and charm, strikingly contrasted with the flat Beauce on the North and the chalk plain on the West, though less so with Auvergne on the East, reminding one at times of the greenest spots in Devonshire and of the grey hills characteristic of a Scotch landscape. One hundred and fifty years ago it was much wilder, and in 1787 Arthur Young, as he drove through its forests, was much impressed by their solitude and the scarcity of inns on the roads. In the account in his journal of the last stage of his journey towards Limoges, he notes (June 4, 1787): "Not a trace of human habitation, no village, no house, . . . not even any smoke to indicate the presence of man;" and after halting at an "execrable inn," where he intended to spend the night, he found so little comfort that he decided to go straight on to Limoges. Balzac, whose "Curé de Village" (The Village Priest) has for setting, in the first part, Limoges, the chief town of the district, and in the latter part a remote village,—Balzac, whose genius caught everything at a glance, was struck by the backward state of the land and of the cottagers, and immediately suggested schemes of irrigation and reforestation to reclaim leagues and leagues of waste country, and to bring health and happiness to the miserable peasants. His ideas slowly found their way and now the desert plateau of Millevaches is being planted with pine-trees and beeches, and is being turned into a kind of national park, where anglers come to fish for trout (the plateau is well-known as the reservoir of many rivers), and poets to dream their dreams.

A singularly attractive countryside of "infinite variety" is this Limousin, monotonous only when seen in a bird's-eye view. Its old, old mountains, worn away by the ages—the highest are but 3,000 feet—existed at a time when the rest of France, with the exception of Brittany, was under the waters, and when the Alps had not as yet risen from the earth:—a fact which explains the plateau-like appearance of the country; but as soon as one begins to travel through it, green meadows amid laughing valleys spring into existence; bounding streams deep down in desolate gorges beneath the ruins of medieval citadels perched upon the rocky spurs; russet moors receding far beyond the reach of human eyes, and dreamy ponds on wild plateaux; ever-babbling springs and giant rocks,—rocks a child can move with its hand and brought, so they say, by the fairies; pastures of short, scented grass, where russet cattle graze; and stubble plains where flocks of sheep, watched over by some shepherd-girl in hooded smock, wander beneath a lowering sky. In short, a Brittany of the South, a land of granite, planted with chestnut-trees instead of oaks, with a wind of southern glow about it; a Celtic land too, like Brittany, but more deeply latinized, owing to the proximity of Gascony and to the Roman highways, which, leading from Toulouse northward and joining Bordeaux and Lyons, intersected at Limoges. Caesar, in his Commentaries, mentions the "Lemovices," and Caesar's camps are still to be pointed out north and west of Limoges, the town named after the Gallic tribe. But the land remains Celtic at bottom, as testify cromlechs and menhirs, still to be found in the country, as well as Roman Catholic sanctuaries, which have replaced on high places the old fanes dedicated by the Druids to the divinities they worshipped.

It would be surprising if such a romantic land possessed no poets; and, indeed, the first of the medieval lyric poets, Bertrand de Born, and Giraud de Borneilh were born on the borders of Limousin and Périgord, whilst Bernard de Ventadour, as his name implies, is from Ventadour in the south of the former province. It is no light privilege to have been the cradle of Europe's lyric poetry; and Jeanroy's admirable book, "The Origins of Lyric Poetry," makes clear what medieval Europe owes to the troubadours (or "finders"—from "trobar," to find) of Gascony and Provence. In their pastourelles, "aubades" and debates, these old-time poets "found" (to say nothing of their theory of "courtly love") the rhythms and the stanzaic forms which were of use to the Hugos and the Swinburnes of a later age.

What is rather astonishing is that the Renaissance did not reawaken the poetic energies dormant in the people. Maybe they expressed themselves through folk-songs in dialect, which are still remembered and sung to this day. The artistic genius found, too, another outlet in the craft of enameling. The works of Leonard Limousin, of the Pénicauds, and other artists have found their way to English and American museums and their names are better known than those of Marmontel and Montegut, two talented writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively, who failed to displace the then established prejudice that Limousin was another Bœotia.

Hardly a Bœotia, but certainly, in spite of Turgot's efforts, a very backward land, as poor as Ireland, so poor that most men emigrated and went either abroad or to Paris to take on work as masons. The last fifty years, however, have wrought a great change. Thatched roofs have been replaced by slate or tile. Meat, which used rarely to be eaten, is now to be seen along with wine on the cottage-tables. Limoges is an industrial city as well as the centre of a rural district. Its porcelain is world-famous and the old craft of enamelling has been revived. Literary societies are numerous and poets abound; but the best of these write *prose* poems:—Jean Nesmy, Jean Giraudoux, Jérôme et Jean Tharaud, Charles Silvestre.

The two brothers, Jérôme and Jean Tharaud, were born at St. Junien on the banks of the Glane, which drew Corot to paint some of its riverside scenes. But they have not remained rooted to the country. Great travelers both, they have been led by their curiosity from Marseilles to the Cape and from Albanian Scutari to Morocco. Untiring chroniclers, eager seekers after new themes, they study the great movements of the day. They have presented in a perfect form the past and the future of Judaism in "L'Ombre de la Croix" (The Shadow of the Cross), "Un Royaume de Dieu" (One of God's Kingdoms), "Quand Israël est Roi" (When Israel Is King), and "L'An Prochain à Jerusalem" (The Coming Year at Jerusalem). Of Morocco too, they have studied the aspects, and transformations in "Rabat ou les Heures Marocaines," in "Marrakech ou Les Seigneurs de l'Atlas." Historians rather than novelists, they have devoted excellent biographics to Ravaillac, to Déroulède, and to Péguy.

One of their books, however, is a novel—and a masterpiece—which has its setting in Limousin. "La Maîtresse Servante" is the tragedy of a youthful liaison. In the now distant pre-war days, students, who were fortunate enough to be sent by their family to Paris, sometimes prolonged their studies and lived with a "grisette." Such was the case of the teller of the story, the only son of a Limousin country squire. He cannot bring himself to separate from Mariette, even when the death of his father obliges him to return to the country to take over the management of the estate. His mother wants him to break the tie, but he remains firm and comes back to his home bringing his mistress with him. His mother obdurately holds the poor girl aloof, succeeds in winning over her son, and arranges for him a marriage suited to his position. Mariette, however, passionately tender and forgetful of self, nurses her lover's mother through an illness and stays on with her as a servant.

A simple story, admittedly, but a story told with a poetic charm, a restrained emotion, and an affecting, sad, simplicity, worthy of the country in which it takes place, a country whose "meadows, even in the heart of summer, yield beneath the tread like a sponge," whose "water, kept near the surface by a granite bed, runs in rivulets everywhere, often collecting into a square and sparkling reservoir, called a 'serf,' as though to indicate that a spring is there enslaved. . . . Mariette often reminds one of those captive springs, ever at hand for man's use and mirroring the sky."

Charles Silvestre, very different in one way from the Tharaud brothers, has not, like them, been a wanderer. Has he ever left, except during the war, his village of Peyrat in the north of Limousin, near to Bellac, that sleepy little town, which was the birthplace of Giraudoux and of Suzanne "of the oval heart"? Has he ever given as setting to a novel any other place than that little corner of Limousin he knows and loves so well, that "land of faith and perseverance, . . . that emerald land where water springs up beneath the fairies' wand and keeps alive eternal greenery"? His early works, "Le Merveilleux Médecin" and "Cœurs Paysans," gave promise of a poet; but his fame dates from after the war with the publication of that moving story, "L'Amour et la Mort de Jean Pradeau," the story of a peasant who returns from the war with one arm amputated to find the girl he loves has proved faithless, and who, heartbroken, his moral energies sapped, becomes an easy prey to the consumption which causes his death.

In "Aimée Villard, Fille de France" (which has been translated into English and is to be published in the near future by Macmillan), Silvestre tells the story of a young girl who is left in charge of a farm by the sudden death of her father, of the resistance she shows to an unscrupulous neighbor who would like to force her to sell some of her land, and of her refusal of an offer of marriage and an easier life in the town made by one of the friends of her childhood. She remains faithful to the soil and, maintaining intact the property and heritage of her brothers and sisters, finally receives her reward in the love of an honest lad.

The latest of Silvestre's works is "Prodige du Coeur," which was awarded the Femina prize at the beginning of this year. The story is once again of the simplest. Claire Lautier has taken charge of her nephew Simon, whom she brings up. Upon him she lavishes the love she had for her brother and for her fiancé, both killed at the war. Simon's mother, elegant and frivolous, has quickly consoled herself for the loss of her husband by accepting the overtures of a rich manufacturer, who lives with her—the reason for her separation from her child. Her lover, however, agrees to marry her, accepting even the condition she had imposed—the inclusion of Simon in the household—and she writes to Claire announcing her intention of coming for her son and of taking him back to Paris with her. The idea that Simon is to be taken from her, the thought that at Paris, amid rich, loose surroundings, he will lose the charming frankness and purity of a child brought up in the light of other principles and in communion with Nature, this idea, this thought, make Claire ill, gnaw dully at her vitality, and Simon has scarcely left before she is obliged to take to her bed. Yet before dying she succeeds in getting Louise, her sister-in-law, to renounce, for the love of her child, her projected union, and to bind herself not to part with the property which will be his inheritance. The miracle accomplished by Claire's great-heartedness is the total and seemingly impossible conversion of Louise,—the changing of her heart.

Such are a few of the idylls of the rustic life described by Silvestre, idylls that make one think of those of George Sand, of those now classic stories, "La Mare au Diable," "François le Champi," "La Petite Fadette," and "Les Maîtres Sonneurs." In both writers there is the same nobility, in both the same purity, that of natural things; and Silvestre's characters show what reserves of moral strength exist in this ancient land of France, unknown to those who think to derive a true idea of it from a short stay in the Latin Quarter, or from visits to Montmartre, and who obstinately persist in judging a river by its scum. Silvestre, it is true, does not hide the faults of certain peasants, their avarice, their materialism, their harshness; but side by side with these, he brings out their devotion to the soil, their generosity, their readiness to help each other; and this realistic author bathes them, like Miller, in the poetry of Nature and of their old traditions. In his books are to be found all the customs, the simple beliefs, the superstitions even, of an old province, with its folk-songs its saws, and its proverbs.

Silvestre may remind one of George Sand, but his tone is all his own, more poignant if less even than that of George Sand. One could say of passages in his works what he himself has said of "Jacquou le Croquant" (Jacquou the Peasant), a novel which Meredith admired and which deals with rural life in the Périgord of last century. The Christmas night, the return to the cold, unlighted, cottage recall to Silvestre that song of Moussorgski, in which the storm overcomes a lost wayfarer. There is in Silvestre's works a quality both poetical and musical, which reminds one at times of the Russians, but more often of the religious fervor of César Franck. Read for yourselves chapter ten of "Aimée Villard," describing the Rogation Days' feast, and then say whether the organ-like harmonies of the Belgian master do not irresistibly flow back to the memory.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Drama

WAT TYLER AND OTHER PLAYS. By HALCOTT GLOVER. Viking Press. 1927. $2.

In a day in which the historical play is a rarity, Halcott Glover's "Wat Tyler" and "The King's Jewery" demand a very real respect. Both of them possess a rich poetic quality which colors their point of view as well as their plotting. It is not to be supposed, however, that Mr. Glover has brought either history or poetry to the theatre through the dull methods of the traditional historical play, which walks so meekly and so stupidly along Elizabethan pathways. Mr. Glover is a modernist both in form and in feeling. Consequently when he treats the "first proletarian uprising" in "Wat Tyler," or race prejudice in England at the time of Edward I in "The King's Jewery," he does so with a radiant straightforwardness, in speeches that are as imageful as they are unpretentious, and in plots that have a healthy, even a rugged, simplicity. Of the two "The King's Jewery" seems the less adapted to the theatre, and suffers from a certain monotony of "jury speeches," which the very ordering of the play demands. "Wat Tyler," however, is a vividly exciting play, crowded with colorful and actable parts, which is cadenced to the theatre's needs, but which, unfortunately, has so far not found its way to production. "Hail Caesar!," the third play in the volume, is an elaborate and baffling and hence infuriating play about Ireland, the meaning of which is by no means clear, but which, with all due and thankful credit to the jacket, is meant to be "the comedy of a woman's part in Ireland's struggle for freedom." All three plays have a curiously personal quality which, perhaps, is largely responsible for the fascination they hold as reading.

Fiction

LOST ECSTACY. By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. Doran. 1927. $2.

Although Mrs. Rinehart's intention may have been "Lost Ecstacy," her achievement comes much nearer to being "Missed Ecstacy." The author has set herself the difficult and delicate task of showing simultaneously, as it were, both sides of that curiously-wrought medal which human beings know as love. It is as if she had said to herself that while the optimstic-romantic novel is all too content with only the sweets of love and while the realistic-pessimistic type equally overreaches itself in being limited to the bitter, the truth lies somewhere between the two in the flooding and ebbing of the tide of love in some subtle balance of attraction and repulsion which may be attained after the more violent swinging of the pendulum either way. "Lost Ecstacy" is for Mrs. Rinehart a deeper delving into realities than is her wont, and to her public, a large and enthusiastic one which has always leaned a little toward sweetness and light in literature, it should come as something of an innovation.

There can be no doubt about the success of the background in "Lost Ecstacy." Mrs. Rinehart writes with authority and with sympathy of the Northwest cattle ranch country. The story of this cattle-country and its ambient life never misses fire it will be a sharp memory to those who have known the land, and a new beauty to those who have not. Interwoven with the fortunes of the heroine, Kay Dowling, and her lover, Tom McNair, are old tales that have long gone from ranch to ranch on winter nights, and cowboy songs with minor melodies and repetitious words.

As long as the novel deals with the general life of this country, and its people as a folk-group, it is notably successful; with life in the east, and particular characters it often becomes mechanical. Kay's father, mother, and fiancé run along for the most part very much as stage creations allotted these rôles. On the other hand, the men on the ranch and the circus group are drawn to a nicety. The hero, who, thanks to Mrs. Rinehart's having the courage of her convictions, is scarcely a hero at all, is far from being the typical cowboy of fiction. He has the same color, boldness, and charm, but with these he has reactionary and conventional attitudes that would give pause to his supposedly more conservative eastern brethren. His entrance into the story reminds one of that other much-loved cowboy of some time since—the Virginian. Being asked by a lady, from a window in a passing train, if he was a "real cowboy," Mrs. Rinehart's McNair answers "Real as hell, lady."

It is this Thomas McNair, capable of splendid gestures but capable also of pettiness and narrow intolerance, with whom Kay Dowling, the delicately reared heiress, falls in love. So far, so conventional—but no further. From this start the story plunges into three hundred and seventy-two pages of the warfare inevitable when two characters of such intrinsic and environmental differences try to yoke themselves together. It is unfortunate that whereas one gets decidedly the revulsions of feeling against each other that come to the crippled cowboy and his work-weary wife, the call that each has for the other is not made equally explicit. Because the ecstacy is so little present, it is hard to think of it as lost.

O'FLAHERTY THE GREAT. By JOHN COURNOS. Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

In "O'Flaherty the Great" we have a novel of Ireland written by a Russian. Considered purely as such, it is a remarkable performance, just as Hugh Walpole's novels of Russia are remarkable, solely because they are the work of an author essentially English. Indeed, Mr. Cournos must have spent a great deal of time and thought preparing for this book, and the urge to write about Ireland must have been very strong to make him forswear so completely the field in which he won his first success. Unfortunately, application and ingenuity are not the only things required of a novelist, nor does the author's nationality count for much in judging his writings about strange lands and people. For, regarded as a book and not as a bit of racial prestidigitation, Mr. Cournos' new novel comes off badly. His Seumas O'Flaherty is a caricature of all that has been said and thought about the "poetic" qualities of the Irish. He speaks like one of Boucicault's early heroes, and the psychological dressing with which he is served up only muddles the reader. His story is badly told, and conceived without regard to the probabilities of character or existence. Nowhere is there a trace of the sincerity and awkward capacity for feeling which were found in "The Mask" and "The Wall." This is a far smoother book, a more professional one, and yet surely the gain in fluency has been worthless to Mr. Cournos since he no longer has anything to say.

HIGH WINDS. By ARTHUR TRAIN. Scribners. 1927. $2.

The lawyer and the novelist fuse satisfactorily in Mr. Train's latest story. As the legal contribution to "High Winds" we have a satirical and heartily unsympathetic portrait of a stupid woman and her Paris divorce. All the trickery, the mean evasions, the petty schemings of the Parisian system as it aids such a person are mercilessly enumerated. Anyone contemplating a fancy divorce combined with a shopping trip would do well to read this side of the case—but probably she will be too busy. As novelist, Mr. Train keeps his wrath in check and tells an agreeable story of a Long Island love affair between a man and two women. The fact that the two women are similar in appearance and in tastes, but not in age, indicates the course of the narrative. The novel is entertaining and readable; a good many different kinds of readers should find pleasure in it.

BUT YESTERDAY—. By MAUD DIVER. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.50.

Without having the last (often indefinable) something that makes for distinction, "But Yesterday—" is an excellent novel, indisputably above the rank and file of the publishers' lists. It moves along steadily through a narrative that awakens the reader's curiosity, and it ends with an unusually satisfactory resolution of discords. In her characters Mrs. Diver shows better than anywhere else that she is an accomplished novelist. For instance, Anne Verity obviously was born in Miss Diver's mind as a woman of extraordinarily beautiful character. She comes through the pages to us with the full quality that her creator wished her to have. We do not have to be content with Mrs. Diver's mere statement of the case; we see for ourselves as we should if Anne Verity lived next door. No person in the novel is a stereotype or a story-book figure. All are three-dimensioned and credible.

The theme of "But Yesterday—," if stated crudely, would alienate the conscientious materialists, for Mrs. Diver deals with the possibility of a dead man's influencing the living. In this instance Sir Henry Clive Arden, from some non-terrestrial sphere, very clearly makes known that he wishes no biography of himself written. Forcible, he makes himself felt, in this matter and to a less degree in other matters. The living eldest son seems to sympathize, as never before, with his father, and in the eyes of his family he takes on many of his father's traits. But it is to be emphatically stated that the story is not in the least mawkish or tainted by cheap spiritualism; it is always on a high level of artistic competence and never descends to blather. The love story is done with originality and with a cool, honest decency.

Furthermore, "But Yesterday—" must be regarded as a note upon the materials and methods of biography. Apparently it sets forth Mrs. Diver's statement of the difficulties—by no means few—involved in telling the life of another. This extra-narrative interest gives the novel a distinctly literary flavor. All in all, we welcome such a story as this. Not great, not possessing true distinction, it does, however, give real pleasure, and we realize its superiority to the better-than-average novel of the day. Perhaps not less important than its more definite qualities is the implicit assurance that it was written with wisdom, skill, and good taste. It is a rare novel of which that can be said.

THE FOUR POST BED. By CHARLES FIELDING MARSH. Appleton. 1927. $2.

The Norfolk district of England interests Mr. Marsh. He does only fairly well with it, in spite of meticulously noting each peculiarity of the farm life in that region, as well as each unusual aspect of the landscape. The trouble is that we do not see and feel the countryside as fully as we are supposed to. We can go part of the way with him, but before long he loses us, fails to keep our imagination alert and amenable. The characters and their difficulties are reminiscent of Hardy: the sturdy woman-farmer, the dumbly amorous neighbor, their marriage too often postponed, and finally the appealing wisp of a girl from London. We are continually expecting the novel to take on stature and power, but it never does; it monotonously remains below its possibilities.

ROWFOREST. By ANTHONY PRYDE. New York. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

This belongs to the story-book class of literature. It breathes of the days when plots were plots and villains not above a bit of villainy. The novel deals with the waning of the aristocratic star in England and the coming into ascendency of the arc-light of commercialism. The aristocrats have it all on their side in the matter of virtue, while the only members of the commercial class portrayed are pretty thoroughly unregenerate. There are five young people in the story of an age to make engagements inevitable. The wooing and winning and losing of love hold the plot together, although it is the passing English country life which really absorbs both the author and the reader,—this and a certain "once upon a time" quality. Anthony Pryde is a craftsman who can make words do his bidding, and what he wants to say he says interestingly enough to make it pleasant reading however little one may be agreeing with his ideas. What if the doings of this group are a trifle too simple of psychology to be convincing? These people, with their ghosts and their chivalries, their trickeries and their renunciations, have that allure which has gone into the making of good stories ever since good stories began.

THAT RIDICULOUS WOMAN. By LEONARD ROSSITER. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

One would like to think that Mr. Rossiter wrote this book about Evelyn Berrick to show up every one of us who, although we may not actually have a deformity which is so apparent as Evelyn's, have some mental twist which colors our approach to life. His heroine, Evelyn Berrick, is distinctly a pathological case. She is at times pathetic, often a bore, and certainly very often "ridiculous." Although the author insists upon her brave spirit, he doesn't succeed in making you feel it.

Modern as we may be these days, have we actually arrived at the point where we do not allow a handicap in the race of life to one who is physically deformed? Certainly Evelyn's sister Maudie does, not, which seems to be had sportsmanship and rather bad taste on the part of the author. He could have given his story more strength if he had allowed this to be so. However, characters ring true and the story is good reading.

THE TAVERN KNIGHT. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.50.

In an apologetic note to the reader Mr. Sabatini calls "The Tavern Knight" a product of his "literary infancy," and expresses a wish that pressure had not forced its publication after some twenty years. He need not have worried, for it is a really good romantic tale, full of lusty action and sharp *chiaroscuro* of character. The incidents take place against the historical background of 1651, when the followers of Cromwell and of Charles II were at each other's throats. Sir Crispin Galliard, a pleasant rascal, is the protagonist, and Mr. Sabatini makes of him a sympathetic character, living and credible. All through the novel, incidents of no little originality pile up on each other with sufficient speed to hold the reader. The narrative is continuously pictorial; in fact, it has already been done into a moving picture. Those favorably inclined towards costume melodrama should welcome "The Tavern Knight;" within the boundaries of its type it cavorts with dashing skill.

Foreign

L'HOMME ETERNAL. By *G. K. Chesterton.* Translated by *Maximilien Vox.* Paris: Plon.

L'ENNEMI DES LOIS. By *Maurice Barrès.* Paris: Plon.

COMME DIEU EN FRANCE. By *André Billy* and *Moïse Twersky.* Paris: Plon.

MORALES ET RELIGIONS NOUVELLES EN ALLEMAGNE. By *Ernest Sellière.* Paris: Payot.

POUR LE CENTENAIRE DU ROMANTISME. By *Ernest Sellière.* Paris: Champion.

Juvenile

PUSSY PURR-MEW. By *Guy Winfrey.* Bradley.

COWBOY HUGH. By *Walter H. Nichols.* Macmillan. $2.

THE MYSTERY OF SAINT'S ISLAND. By *H R. Campbell.* Harpers. $1.75.

THE LOST CARAVAN. By *W. A. Rogers.* ers. $1.75.

APPLES AND HONEY. By *Nina Salaman.* ards. $2.

DOWNRIGHT DECENCY. By *Caroline Dale Snedeker.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE WHITE PONY IN THE HILLS. By *Anne Bosworth Greene.* Century. $1.75.

WITH WHIP AND SPUR. By *Lawton B. Evans.* Bradley. $1.75.

ADVENTURES WITH TWELVE YEAR OLDS. By *Leila Stott.* Edited by Caroline Pratt. Greenberg. $2 net.

History

THE LONG DAY. By W. S. DILL. Ottawa, Canada: The Graphic Publishers. 1927. $2.

Lovers of frontier history will find in this random chronicle of the Yukon in the days of the gold rush a series of picturesque incidents, of no special significance or uniqueness, but nevertheless interesting. Mr. Dill disarms criticism of the casualness of his record by prefacing it with the statement that it is "merely a reminiscence." It has something of the informality of idle conversation, and something of the flavor of such haphazard recalling of piquant episode. Figures appear and disappear, leaving behind them a general impression of the rough-and-tumble of the life of the mining camp and of the hazards of fortune in a community where gold was to be had for the gathering, and every trade had its tricks for the unwary. The book, one of the first publications of the Graphic Press of Ottawa which purposes to put out works only of Canadian background, is exceedingly attractive in make-up, being printed in large, clear type on good paper.

International

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF CHINA AND JAPAN. By *Kyoson Tscuchida.* Knopf. $2.50.

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT THE PEACE. By *Alcide Ebray.* Knopf. $4.

THE FAMINE IN SOVIET RUSSIA, 1919-1923. By *H. H. Fisher.* Macmillan. $5.

Miscellaneous

ALWAYS BELITTLIN'. By PERCY CROSBY. Unicorn Press. 1927. $1.60.

ALFALFER ANN'S AFERISMS. By CHARLES F. RIDEAL. Illustrated by Edward T. Sajous. Avondale Press. 1927. Readers of *Life* will need no introduc-

(*Continued on next page*)

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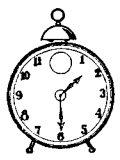

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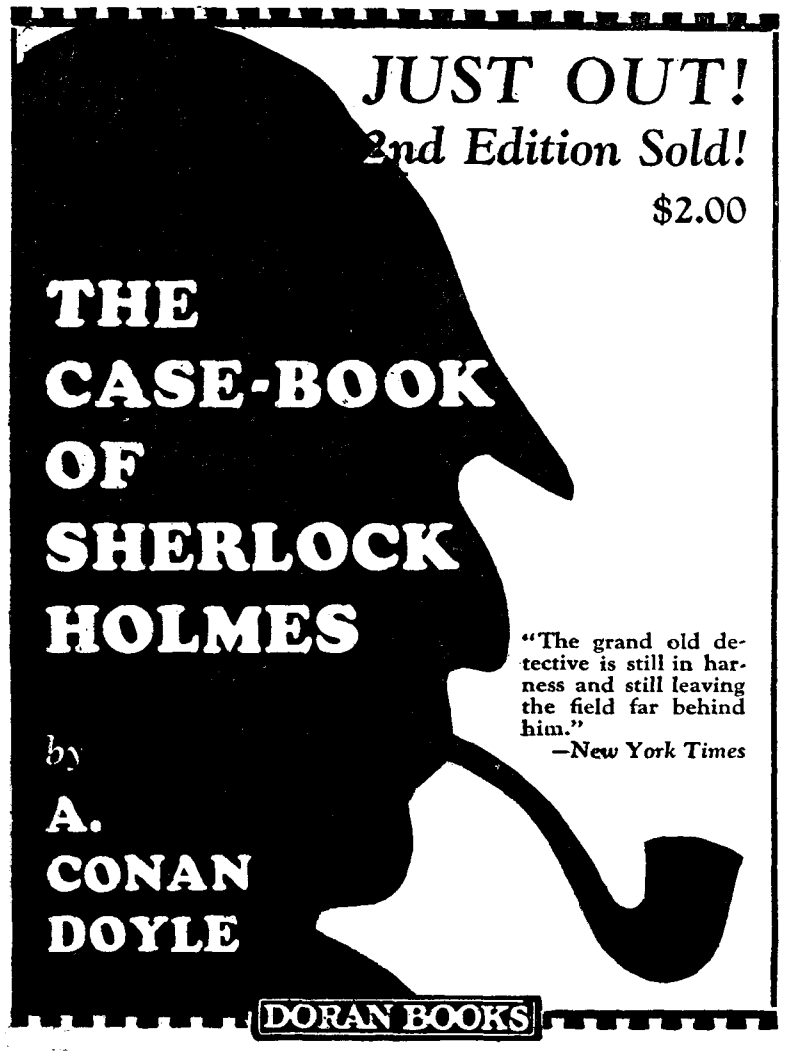
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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tion to Skippy whose grumblings on things of the moment reflect the less articulate reactions of the small boy the world over, but they will rejoice to have this latest collection of his musings brought together within covers together with Mr. Crosby's entertaining illustrations. He with his enterprising friends, Sooky and Somerset Gohagen, let their scorn play over things sacred and profane. Their patter is sophisticated and ingenuous at once, and as amusing as the pictures that accompany it.

Mr. Rideal's "Alfalfer Ann's Aferisms" is a book of another ilk. It consists of a series of cartoons in the familiar comic supplement vein illustrating such sentiments as "the land that stocks the cradle rules the world" or "genius consists in honestly trying to learn." Its aphorisms are some of them clever and its drawings amusing if grotesque.

CITY HEALTH ADMINISTRATION. By *Carl E. McCombs.* Macmillan. $5.50.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE. By *Claude Bernard.* Macmillan.

MY SPIRITUALS. By *Eva A. Jessye.* New York: Robbins-Engel.

Pamphlets

FREE-LANCE WRITING AS AN OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN. Compiled by *Alma Luise Olson.* Northampton, Mass.: Smith College.

SINCLAIR LEWIS. By *Vernon Louis Parrington.* University of Washington.

L'ESTHETIQUE A EMERSON. By *Régis Michand.* Paris: Alcan.

THE RUSSIAN MOBILIZATION OF 1914. By *Michael T. Florinsky.* New York Academy of Political Science.

THE DIFFUSION OF CULTURE. By *R. R. Marett.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

ANTHOLOGY OF STUDENT VERSE FOR 1926. Edited by *Snow Longley.* Los Angeles High School.

ANTHOLOGY OF STUDENT VERSE FOR 1925. Edited by *Snow Longley.* Los Angeles High School.

Philosophy

THE EVOLUTION OF ETHICS. Edited by *E. Hershey Smith.* Yale University Press. $4.

STUDIES IN RECENT ESTHETIC. By *Katherine Gilbert.* University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

DESCARTES: SELECTIONS. Edited by *Ralph M. Eaton.* Scribners. $1.

THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO. From the Translation by *Benjamin Jowett.* Edited by *William C. Greene.* Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

THE NEW TYRANNY. By *Francis J. Oppenheimer.* A. & C. Boni.

MESSAGES. By *Ramon Fernandez.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Poetry

PAINTROCK ROAD. By EDWIN FORD PIPER. Macmillan. 1927. $1.50.

FANDANGO. By STANLEY VESTAL. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $1.75.

We have put these two books of poems together because they both concern the West. Mr. Piper is the more veteran poet. He gave us heretofore "Barbed Wire" and "Wayfarers." He tells us in a prefatory note that the Paintrock of which he sings lies between the Missouri and the Rockies—in days of settlement. The section "Human Weather" in the volume belongs to the present. There is good stuff in the book. "Rustlers," "Karicko," "Dinner Pail" are vivid in description, yet the style has seemed to us just a trifle too condensed and telegraphic to achieve its full dramatic effect, and we have speculated as to whether these accounts are really not nearer impressionistic prose than poetry. In the shorter poems in "Human Weather" Mr. Piper's predilection for free verse has appeared to us to reduce his individual quality to a fairly ordinary level. The episode of "The Bully" is, however, bitten into the page. The one line experiments we cannot but think futile.

Mr. Piper closes his book by stating, "I am a lover of songs." This, it seems to us, his poetry does not demonstrate, while Stanley Vestal's "Fandango" distinctly does. Had Stanley Vestal handled Edwin Ford Piper's colorful but rather confused tale of "The Coffee Pot" he would have put it into a straightforward ballad much harder to forget. Piper can do distinguished indigenous work as in "Trail-Talk,"

The hunter in forbidden land,
When darkness fell,
Won the wood-folk promise
They would never tell:

He silenced leg and belly and wing,
The new leaf and the old;
Forgot to caution ashes—
Ashes told.

but, for the song proper, turn to Vestal's "Riding Song":

The cowboy rides a-standin' up,
The jockey on his nose;
The soldier sits on his saddle-soap,
The Indian on his clothes.

But me, I ride whenever I can
Any old time, any old where,
Any old seat, like any old man,
Any old thing with hair!

Mr. Piper is first the poet, but Mr. Vestal has done a more remarkable thing by narrating in old English ballad forms authentic old West stories and demonstrating that those forms are so profoundly of the people that their new material fits them like hand in glove. His ballads ramble in a semi-illiterate style that makes them as near as possible to those that have come down to us from the early singers of the plains. In his brief foreword he notes that the balladist must feel "a profound affinity, an almost physical gusto, for the native savor of his subject-matter." And this he himself has quite evidently felt, which contributes to his success. His ballads are chiefly of Kit Carson, but all the stories he tells are good yarns (note the one concerning Warpath La Tour) and they are fit to stand in a book with the famous Western ballads we have inherited by word of mouth. He would claim that the "large objectivity of the materials" has made for "the charm, the naïveté of the form." Doubtless true, but the art that conceals art is also distinctly present.

YOUNG ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER. By FAIRFAX DOWNEY. Illustrated by JEFFERSON MACHAMER. Minton, Balch. 1927. $2.

This is the second act staged by the team Downey-Machamer. And it is second-rate. Mr. Downey's is not brilliant versification and that is what such light lyrics need. Mr. Machamer's pictures, also, are rather wooden. The excuse for the book is the gambolings of the post-war younger generation. The sophisticated wing of this generation is not nearly as clever as it thinks it is. In fact a great deal of its gamboling is just cheap and stupid. But subtler pens have given it a great deal more glamour. We think the book's title apt, however; for we like youth when it is not so terribly self-conscious; when it is, it is "young enough to know better." On with the dance,—let joy be unrefined,—but let the younger laureates increase their mental agility!

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES. By *Clinton Headlam.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

Our Ship comes laden with good news from Europe

OUR editor-in-chief, having betaken himself abroad to help disseminate a sweet respect for the English language, promptly found himself in the midst of some of its most eminent exponents. As yet we have had but fragmentary reports from him of the meetings of the Society for Pure English in London and of the P. E. N. Club Convention in Antwerp, but they are enough to whet our appetite for more.

A tilt with Bernard Shaw, a luncheon at which sat some of Britain's most famous scholars and writers the while our Saturday Reviewer, Leonard Bacon, exchanged witticisms in Latin with Lord Balfour, a succession of dinners and teas where were such notabilities as Sheila Kaye Smith, Virginia Woolf, Wyndham Lewis, Walter de la Mare, Tomlinson, Galsworthy, and others, in the old phrase, "too numerous to be mentioned"—these, and a subsequent visit to Paris, left him sadly in need of the strenuous relaxation of the Alpine climbing in which he is exulting at present.

But lest we tax him with overindulgence in gaiety, he writes us of the thought he has taken for business, of the promises he has extracted from the commonalty of letters for essays and poems and foreign gossip to be contributed to the ***Saturday Review of Literature.*** As earnest of his good work he has already sent us a searching study of Blake, by J. B. Priestley, one of the most brilliant of the younger British critics, which we plan to run when the centenary of the death of that great genius falls due in August. It is but the first of many stimulating articles which the ***Saturday Review*** will print in the coming months. If you think it and the ***Review*** might interest some friend of yours, won't you jot down his name and address on the coupon below?

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

W. M., Detroit, Mich., has been so pleased with Paul De Kruif's "Microbe Hunters" (Harcourt, Brace) that he asks for more books that deal with scientific subjects in a readable manner for the layman.

THIS matter has been dealt with by the man to whom the development of this type of scientific writing in the United States is largely due—E. E. Slosson, author of "Creative Chemistry" and head of "Science Service," Washington, D. C.—in one of the ten-cent pamphlets sold in all public libraries, the "Reading with a Purpose" series. The one on this subject is "The Physical Sciences," and I suggest that those beginning such a course of reading go through this first.

Of the books lately published William Albert Locy's "The Growth of Biology" (Holt) is concerned with the work of individuals from Aristotle to our own times: it is simply written (but is by no means elementary) and would interest a thoughtful reader. "The Nature of the World and of Man" is a collection of articles by specialists on the world of physics and biology, prepared for students at the University of Chicago and issued in a large illustrated volume by the University Press there. "Our Mobile Earth," by Reginald A. Daly (Scribner), is a new and eminently readable geological work; there are not so many books in this field for the general reader. "Concerning the Nature of Things," by Sir William Bragg (Harper), tells of the new knowledge of the constitution of matter and other discoveries in physics.

EVERY now and then this department breaks its own rule of having nothing to do with quotations or lost poems, and finds one for somebody. The latest was one in which the words "waiting for the May" were the clue, and I report on it here, as well as to St. Ann's Monastery, Pennsylvania, because the poem, which I found in "The Home Book of Verse" (Holt) is curiously haunting. The title is "Spring Longings," it is by Denis Florence MacCarthy, and it begins

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,—

And now *"Darry," Manitoba, Canada,* asks if anyone can put him on the track of a humorous story called "Peter's Wife's Mother and the Onion." It relates the adventures of Peter in rescuing his mother-in-law from Hell. *L. L. M., Claremont, Cal.,* says I left out of my list of moral tales for small readers what she thinks is one of the most delightful works of the kind, "Charlie and his Kitten Topsy," with illustrations in silhouette. "The stories deal with various unfortunate habits of Charlie, and his reformation, in a whimsical way, so that the moral, though evident, is not offensive. My three-year-old cousin listened to it with enthusiasm every evening for weeks, and his five-year-old sister liked it almost as well." She cannot recall author or publisher; it is by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell, and is published by Macmillan. There are several books that follow it; I remember "Charlie and his Puppy Bingo." This book might be kept in reserve by a correspondent who lately asked me for books for a young mother who was convinced that her son, one year old, was showing signs of original sin. I told her to remember what happened to milk teeth, and take heart.

K. H., Dallas, Texas, is preparing a list of fiction-writers who had journalistic careers.

I SENT such names as occurred to me—Edwin Meade Robinson's "Enter Terry," Heywood Broun's "Gandle Follows His Nose," the novels of Richard Harding Davis and Sir Philip Gibbs, of Edna Ferber and Zona Gale—both genuine newspaper women before they appeared as novelists—of Ben Hecht, Will Levington Comfort, Willa Cather (who was on the Pittsburgh *Daily Leader* from 1897 to 1901), G. W. Cable, who was a reporter on the New Orleans *Picayune*, and Lafcadio Hearn. Since then the *Chicago Daily News* has published a pamphlet, "Genius on Newspaper Row," containing the address given under the auspices of the William Vaughn Moody Foundation, April 14, 1927, by Henry Justin Smith. This has not only an imposing list of names, but an interesting discussion of the relation of genius to the daily grind. He shows "that many men of genius have been eager to enter the newspaper business and that most of them have got out as soon as they could," and he believes that the work of journalism and that of pure literature are in the long run irreconcilable, but, says he, "Some of us, so long as we live, will never abandon the old-fashioned but thrilling idea that good writing for newspapers is worth while."

F. H. K., Charlotte, N. C., asks what important biographies of authors have been published in 1927. The list is asked for a club studying contemporary biography.

THE Murray Hill Biographies, intending not only to inform but in some measure "to haunt, to startle, and waylay," begin boldly with "Upton Sinclair: a Study in Social Protest," by Floyd Dell, and "Nathaniel Hawthorne: a Study in Solitude," by Herbert Gorman (Doran). The last-named author had already undergone treatment by Lloyd Morris in "The Rebellious Puritan" (Harcourt, Brace). Pelham Edgar's "Henry James: Man and Author," comes from Houghton Mifflin, and from McBride Ben Ray Redman's "Edwin Arlington Robinson." Slason Thompson's "Life of Eugene Field" (Appleton), as might be expected, has delightfully amusing scenes. The most unusual biography of our season is "The Road to the Temple," Susan Glaspell's life of George Cram Cook (Stokes).

For French authors we have had René Benjamin's "Balzac" (Knopf), that was making a sensation in France last year; "Flaubert's Youth," by Lewis Piaget Shanks (John Hopkins), "The Life of François Villon," by Francis Carco, who as a novelist is authority on the mentality of the underworld (Knopf), and Léon Pierre Quint's "Marcel Proust" (Knopf), while G. H. Johnstone's "Prosper Merimée: a Mask and a Face," comes from Dodd, Mead in the Fall. We have had also a brilliant life of "The Ingenious Hidalgo, Miguel Cervantes," translated from the French of Han Ryner (Harcourt, Brace), and in the Fall is to come from Dutton J. G. Robertson's "Goethe." The inquirer for Erasmus literature for whom I printed a list some weeks since should notice that Macmillan has lately published the "Life, Character, and Influence of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam," by John Joseph Mangan, in two volumes. A sort of composite photograph of Tolstoy, with features not altogether like the accepted ones, is to be found in "Family Views of Tolstoy," edited by Aylmer Maude (Houghton Mifflin).

The Victorians are well represented. Michael Sadleir's fine "Trollope: a Commentary" (Houghton Mifflin), leads the list: this book comes after a long wait but the book is far better for coming at this time and from this author. Martha Garnett defends the relatives of the author of "The Way of All Flesh" in her "Samuel Butler and His Family Relations" (Dutton). I wonder if that novel really did release the inhibitions of the young in regard to discussing their families in public? At any rate, before its belated popularity began one might still hear the quaint old phrases about fouling one's own nest, washing dirty linen, etc. The "Letters" of George Gissing to members of his family should rank as autobiography; they are published by Houghton Mifflin. Putnam publishes "Frederick Harrison," by Austin Harrison, a study not only of the Positivist philosopher and historian but of the society of his period. The monumental life of Carlyle, by D. A. Wilson moves—if a monument may be said to move—to its fourth large volume, reaching "Carlyle at his Zenith" (Dutton) and covering the years 1848-53. I hope the biography lover has kept track of this fine work. There is a brilliant short life of "Disraeli," by D. L. Murray in the series of unusual political biographies edited by St. John Ervine for Little, Brown. The celebrated "Memoir of Jane Austen," by J. E. Austen-Leigh (Oxford), has been reprinted this year, and there is a new "Byron," by Albert Brecknock (Appleton), in the light of new information. George Cowling's "Chaucer" is being highly praised in England; it is to be published here by Dutton; it shows him as man of affairs as well as poet.

By this skimming of the surface for the present season it will be seen that the passion for biography shows no prospect of slackening. I am asked to make similar lists for musicians and for painters, but must defer them to a later issue.

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Author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", Etc.

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is at his best in this novel. With his marvelous feeling for color and drama, he pictures the social dregs of Madrid and tells the story of a young Spanish writer struggling for success, romance and happiness.

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Points of View

False Shift

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of DESOLATE *seas . . .*

We read these lines so quoted by Mr. Colton in your issue of May twenty-first.

The difference in effect of the words "desolate" and "perilous" in this line is remarkable. For "perilous" suggests seas perhaps untraversed, romantic, and passionately unknown, "in faery lands forlorn." "Desolate seas," on the other hand, is a phrase that sets up in us no longing to explore, because, if the seas are dangerous, their danger has been taken account of, understood, and so dismissed. "Desolate" in this connection is a defeating word; "perilous" is inciting.

Of course the word "desolate" can be used with highly dramatic effect. In

All night the ways of Heaven were desolate,
Long roads across a gleaming, empty sky

although the lines themselves are not of the first quality, the word is highly useful. But in Keats's line it throws the mood completely out of kilter, sets up a feeling which cannot be harmonized with the rest of the figure.

This observation leads me to comment upon the famous stanza as a whole. Fine as it is, it is guilty, within itself, of the same faulty shift in mood which the word "desolate" accomplishes when it is substituted for "perilous."

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn:
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

Until the introduction of the final figure, the nightingale's voice has been spoken of as something compelling and exquisite, which moves the eternal human being in an almost religious way. The lines about Ruth are supreme. They intensify the feeling of humanity in a particular example which could not have been better chosen. But when we are impelled to change the key, to dismiss the human for the supernatural. The "magic casements" are, after all, a bit of elegant stuffing. True, they are intended, perhaps, to suggest that the nightingale's power is unearthly. But since the whole poem is an expression of the nightingale's effect on a very human Keats, the suggestion of unearthly power through its effect on something not-human, rather than through its own fine mystery to human beings, seems to me a false shift. But perhaps I am unduly exacting.

MARGARET PATTERSON.

Berkeley, California.

Description

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Beautiful and glowing description, such as ornamented Longfellow's "Evangeline," has almost disappeared from our fiction today, according to a leading article in a recent issue of *The Saturday Review.* Permit me to take exception. Surely the writer of the article must have been confining his recent reading to psychological novels. But were he a student of our more popular literature, he might revise his estimate. The novels of Zane Grey fairly overflow with vivid word-pictures of the scenery of the southwest, and there are many of his readers who consider the descriptive passages the best portions of his books; I'm one of them, for I never cared for his plots, and I always found his sentiment strained. Take another instance. James Oliver Curwood revels in description for description's sake, painting the scenery of western Canada, until the impression of Canada I have gained from a perusal of his books is one of a vast, trackless wilderness of mountains, ravines, morasses, and plains, inhabited by timber wolves and other species of wild game, with an occasional escaped criminal hotly pursued by Northwestern mounted police. He certainly puts all the emphasis on the natural environment. And then there is Stewart Edward White, another nature lover, painting pictures of sunny California or of darkest Africa as the mood seizes him. His latest novel, "Back of Beyond," is a complete travelogue, and (by the way) the best story I have read in the past year.

All of the above writers are producing novels that sell by the ten thousand. I might give other instances, but the above seem to prove that the Englishman is not the only one who glorifies nature in his literature. We do pretty well in America, too.

ROGER SPRAGUE.

Imola, Calif.

French Slang

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Let joy prevail that someone has thrown a book of French slang into the literary arena. While American slang interests us because of its quaint lack of meaning, French slang often shows an imagination which furnishes perpetually renewable laughter. And let us not omit mention of that compendium of alphabetized humor, "Parisismen," published by the Langenscheidt dictionary-producers in Berlin. My "dritte durch einen Anhang vermehrte Auflage" is dated 1890. Its author is Césaire Villatte. It bears the motto, quoted from Dumas fils: "Il ne faut pas confondre notre langue Parisienne avec la Langue Française."

LEO RICH LEWIS.

Tufts College.

Where Credit is Due

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The author of "Qwertyuiop" (from internal evidence he can be identified as our old friend Etaoin Shrdlu) is diligent in the endeavor to distribute credit and discredit where they are due; but he does not go back quite far enough. I am not sure whether what may be called, to save argument and avoid acrimonious definition, the New Movement in Literature began in this country about 1912, or whether it is only that I (and the author of "Qwertyuiop") began to sit up and take notice about that time. But, accepting the date, there was a Great Forerunner some three years earlier, a voice crying in the wilderness (if Mr. Lorimer's weekly may properly be so described)—Mrs. Corra Harris.

Mrs. Harris said all she had to say in her earlier novels, and since then has been saying only what others had already said; but this should not obscure the fact that in such books as "Eve's Second Husband" she was actually the pioneer of the New Realism. She was old-fashioned enough to take the mechanics of physiology as matters of such general knowledge that they did not need to be injected into literature; but her ideas were, for that time, quite appallingly subversive; I can well remember grave arguments as to whether a pure young girl (they were quite shameless about admitting it, in those days) should be allowed to read the *Saturday Evening Post* where such immoral doctrines were disseminated. You may believe in realism or not, but you cannot deny that Mrs. Harris gave several million people their first dose of it—and it was an extremely verstic and acrid realism, at that.

Surely the P. E. N. Club ought to give her an inscribed bronze plaque, or something.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York.

Capital and Capitalism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mr. Nock's criticism of the terms "capital" and "capitalism" in his review of "The Rise of American Civilization" shows that he like, I believe, ninety-nine per cent of our citizens does not recognize the irreconcilable and unbridgeable difference in the content of these terms.

Capitalism bears exactly the same relation to capital that a cancer does to an otherwise sound organism.

Capital, as even Macaulay's schoolboy should know, is the sum in currency which it would take, in labor and material and land, to replace a plant or railroad.

Capitalism, on the other hand, as applied to that plant or enterprise is the amount in shares and bonds which have been issued against said labor and materials.

I believe I am conservative in estimating that capitalism has put a burden on the people of the United States fifty times greater than the amount of capital really employed Like the cancerous growth it is absorbing the energy of the people for the benefit not of the owners of real capital but of the financial exploiters whose sole business is to secure control of honestly capitalized undertakings and then issue reams of nicely printed coupons.

Mr. Nock, again like almost everyone, is unaware that this fungus growth, Capitalism, is less than 50 years old.

Those arch-thieves, Fisk and Gould, started the game with the Erie, and though of course it would be unparliamentary to apply such an opprobrious term to our living captains of finance, their procedure, stripped of technicalities, is precisely the same.

The bond swindle is another phase of capitalism and of even more recent introduction, but it has already attained almost inconceivable dimensions.

Even the few of us who know what a bond is are too engrossed in our own work to attach any significance whatever to the fact that year after year, the bond offerings on the New York Exchange alone are over two hundred million dollars each month.

Now that aviation is going to do for railroads what the railroads did to the canals, the time is at hand when from Wall Street insidious propaganda in favor of National ownership will issue; and then, and apparently only then, the citizens will realize the stupendous vested interests which Capitalism has evolved. Doctor and Mrs. Beard are as right in their use of these terms as in every other part of their great history.

BENJAMIN MACMAHON.

New York.

Julien Green Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Today, as I received your issue of July 9, I received also a copy of *French Books Month by Month,* May-June, 1927, in which I find a short article signed Julien Green. "How I Wrote My First Novel" (pp. 71-73). One passage may settle the case between Mr. B. Fay and Mr. Lawrence Lee regarding the debt of Julien Green to the University of Virginia.

Here is the passage:

"As I look back on the time I spent at the University of Virginia, it seems to me that the hours of almost intolerable homesickness and boredom I had to go through have faded from my mind; I can remember only good things and those with a feeling of keen regret: the beauty of the grounds and buildings, the hills, the quiet southern town. I was not studying for a degree and was in consequence allowed to work pretty much as I chose. Let me hasten to say that the studying I did never amounted to much, but countless are the hours I spent at the Library. There indeed I forgot Paris. My tastes ran along so many lines that I should certainly have been at a loss to say what I didn't like and I read almost anything that came my way, provided it was written in French or English and did not deal with mathematics. It was at the Library I wrote my first story, but I am not proud of it and comfort myself with the thought that, though printed, it was read by few and soon forgotten. Yet it spurred me on. I had hitherto never been able to finish a piece of writing and the fact that I had actually finished a story encouraged me so much that I began to think of writing a novel.

"Part of the summer holidays I spent in Savannah. In August I usually went to Virginia, where I stayed at my uncle's home in Fauquier County. *Kinloch* is the name of the house and I could never see the gaunt old place without thinking what an admirable setting it would make for a story.

ALBERT SCHINZ.

Paul Bourget's latest novel, "Nos Actes Nous Suivent" (Paris: Plon) employs that theme so popular in present-day fiction—that of the man who shuffles off one identity and assumes another. Its hero, George Fresneley, has joined the Commune, bringing with him the secret of a terrific explosive. The regular troops are terrified by the knowledge of its existence, and a violent reaction against the Communists sets in. Fresneley ventures out one night in disguise to find a group of bourgeois lynching a young man under the impression that it is himself, the inventor of the dynamite. He is paralyzed by horror, and does nothing to prevent the assassination. Not long after he escapes to the United States, there marries, has children, and builds up a successful career. But as he nears the end of his life he is again overwhelmed by the crime that had so disturbed his youth, and the fact that he has not redeemed his responsibilities to the heir of the man who was murdered. The second part of the book is taken up with his son's reparation of the wrong.

On the Air

A DIGEST of the following ten articles chosen by a Council of Librarians, a outstanding contributions to the July peri odicals, was recently broadcast under th auspices of *The Saturday Review of Litera ture,* by Station WOR:

ENGLAND'S QUARREL WITH RUSSIA.—Franl H. Simonds in *Review of Reviews.*

Great Britain severs relations with Rus sia, failing in the attempt to be friendly and charging political conspiracy by com mercial agents. The author believes tha the consequences of this episode will dom inate European history for a long time to come.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD—AND BUSINESS.—Lawrence A. Downs in *System.*

The business aspects of the flood are here summed up. The author, because of his company perhaps more than any other has been forced to recognize and study the vagaries of the river, is in a position to analyze its significance.

POLITE TRAVEL IN THE THIRTIES:.—From the Diary of Mrs. George Ticknor in *Atlantic Monthly.*

The interesting diary by Mrs. George Ticknor is most interesting at this time in view of the thousands of American tourists and a good portion of the American Legion who are visiting European shores this summer.

THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY.—George Ellery Hale in *Scribner's.*

The author relates the story of this great boon to American scholarship. He tells how the treasures were acquired and how they will be utilized in the study of Anglo-American civilization.

THE FARM PROBLEM STATED.—Frank O. Lowden in *Review of Reviews.*

At the moment when the former Governor of Illinois is being put forward as a presidential candidate by important elements in the great agricultural states of the Middle West, he presents here the farmer's problem and proposes a remedy

WHAT HAPPENED AT NANKING.—Alice Tisdale Hobart in *Harper's Magazine.*

A first-hand account of the thrilling events last spring when the American residents at Nanking gathered on Socony Hill and escaped from the attacking Cantonese Army. The author wrote at the time in informal letters to her family the story of American danger and heroism.

THE BEHAVIORIST LOOKS AT INSTINCTS.—John B. Watson in *Harper's Magazine.*

The author, whose books on behavior ism may be called the gospel of this new philosophy, explains why the behaviorist does not believe that the human being ha instincts, but conditioned visual responses

A FLIGHT TO THE UNKNOWN.—Tom Gil in *Scribner's.*

Combining the qualities of aviator an forester, the author fell into mysterious adventure. He tells in an interestin fashion of his expedition under seale orders to prospect for Mexican mahogan in a cranky seaplane.

THE SUBMARINE.—Arthur H. Pollen i *Foreign Affairs.*

The eminent British naval authorit slashes at "the submarine myth," allegin that it was a failure in the war again convoyed vessels and that only the incon petence or lack of courage of naval me prevents their informing the public o the fact.

IF I WERE A CHINAMAN.—George A. Dor sey in *Cosmopolitan.*

The man who wrote "Why We Behav Like Human Beings" reveals our part i China's affairs, which he criticizes as nor too admirable, and shows why Chin might hate us with no little bitterness.

literature.

Under the editorship of Maurice Wi motte, Professor at the University of Liè and formerly President of the Académ Royale des Lettres Belges, the Renaissan due Livre is about to publish a series c books designed to give a view of Belgia

Bobby Jones, in collaboration with *O. . Keeler,* has also burst into autobiograph His "Down the Fairway" will be out soo now through Minton, Balch & Compan It is the story of his golf life. Keeler sports writer of the *Atlanta Journal,* a an old friend of Jones. Jones analyzes h own method of play. The book will illustrated with over fifty photographs. .

Robert A. Simon, author of "Bro Ballads" is *not* a member of the firm Simon and Schuster. He is in a music concert management business, affiliated wi *Arthur Judson.* He has written two nove "Our Little Girl" and "The Week-E Mystery." He is also the translator "Fraulein Else." He writes for the mu cal review section of the *New Yorker* ea week. . . .

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The World of Rare Books

By Fredirick M. Hopkins

A STRANGE ERROR

SYDNEY A. MUDIE of Quarith's, calls attention to a misplaced paragraph n Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" which sems o have escaped the attention of editors nd ritics for nearly two centuries. Mr. Mudie recently examined a copy of he econd volume of the first edition, ierleaved in parts and annotated. It is believed to have been the copy used by Faulkner in 1735 when he printed the Dublin edition. The emendations are very similar o those in Ford's copy now in the Fiske collection at South Kensington. The paragraph "Without the Consent of this illustrous Body, no law can be enacted, repeal, or altered; And those Nobles have likewise the Decision of all our Possesns without Appeal" was printed for the first time in Faulkner's edition at the end of Chap. VI, Part IV., page 33, and apprs there in most, if not all, subsequent itions, except those which follow the first London edition. The paragraph is obviously out of place, and has no bearing on context. The leaf in the annotated copy which bears this addition is, doubtless by accident, inserted at this place, but the printer evidently overlooked the instructions written above: "Vid. Part 2d, Page 110, line 1," referring of course to the first edition. The proper place for the paragraph is in the description of the House of Parliament in the voyage to Brobdingnag, Chapter, misprinted Chap. III in Faulkner's edition, between paragraphs 8 and 9, the earlier of which begins "That, the other Part of the Parliament consisted of an Assembly called the House of Commons," and the second, "I then descended to the Courts of Justice" etc. In examinations thus far made, there is no indication that this printer's errors have ever been noticed.

IN MEMORY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

THE small but very devoted membership of the Samuel Pepys Club, in London, has performed another of those labors of love which makes Pepys's admirers everywhere its debtors. A Pepys memorial service was held on May 26, the date of his death, at St. Olave's in which Pepys and Mrs. Pepys were buried and in which James Russell Lowell, then American minister in London, unveiled the monument in 1884. Unlike the Dickens Fellowship which throws its doors wide open to admirers of Dickens, the Pepys Club restricts its membership to lovers of Pepys carefully chosen from the literary and musical circles of the nation. It was formed in 1903 on the 200th anniversary of Pepys' death. Pepys was seventy years old when he died and the club's membership was fixed at seventy. It meets two or three times a year, sometimes in the Clothworker's Hall, where its members dine and read papers on some subject that would have interested the great diarist. From time to time it publishes a volume of its proceedings and as opportunity offers it, undertakes some task germane to the purposes of the club. A few years ago it cleaned and redecorated the frame of the portrait of his friend, Dr. John Wallis, the mathematician, at Oxford. More recently it acquired the old Pepys house at Brampton, near Huntington, on a long lease, and the club has restored the house into a fitting memorial, now open to all who care to visit it.

NEW GWINNETT DISCOVERY

A CABLE from London brings the information that three newly discovered signatures of Button Gwinnett, Georgia Signer of the Declaration of Independence, have been bought by Gabriel Wells, rare book dealer of this city, from the trustees of the Wolverhampton Bluecoat Charity School. C. F. Jenkins, author of a monograph on Gwinnett, suggested that there might be many Gwinnett autographs lurking in the various archives in Bristol and Wolverhampton, where he was in business until 1765, when he emigrated to Savannah. The suggestion apparently started Gerald Mander, son of Sir Charles Mander, to go through the records of the Wolverhampton Bluecoat Charity School and the discovery followed. In a folio volume of minutes extending from 1716 onward, and within the compass of a few pages, no fewer than three signatures of the rarest of signers, dated August 6, November 5, and December 3, 1761, were found. These minutes concerned ordinary events in the history of the school and were signed in one column by the school trustees and in the other by subscribers. The last autograph signature of Gwinnett, attached to an official document as member of the Continental Congress, sold at the Anderson Galleries a few months ago, brought the sensational price of $51,000.

IRVING MSS. AT YALE

THE current number of the *Yale University Library Gazette* contains an article on the Irving manuscripts at Yale by Stanley T. Williams. The Irving autographic collection contains nearly 150 letters donated by S. W. Childs, the notebooks presented by Frederic W. Allen, and the letters to Prince Dolgorouki of the Russian Embassy at Madrid, the gift of Dr. and Mrs. James C. Greenaway. Although each of these accessions has been described before as a separate entity, their significance is intensified when they are considered as a whole. They shed light on Irving during the most important period of his career, from 1810, a year after his first success, the Knickerbocker's "History of New York," to 1853, six years before his death. The current year will probably see published one of the notebooks, that of 1817, consisting of his notes for "The Sketch Book." Revealing as it does the birth of his finest essays, its publication will be an event of interest to Irving collectors.

ON July 25, valuable printed books, illuminated and other manuscripts, autograph letters and historical documents, selected from a number of consignments, will be sold at Sotheby's in London. The rarer lots include a Third and Fourth Folio of Shakespeare, a small collection of English illuminated manuscripts, two copies of the first edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," first editions of Dickens's great novels in parts, presentation copies of books by Conrad and Carroll, a fine collection of Kate Greenaway items, autograph letters and manuscripts of Kipling including a fine copy of the first edition of "Schoolboy Lyrics," fine letters of Lord Byron, an interesting Napoleonic collection, an extensive series of letters by Charles Darwin, correspondence by great musicians, and an autograph manuscript of Stevenson's "Records of a family of Engineers," with much unpublished matter.

NOTE AND COMMENT

IT is proposed to publish a selection of the best short stories of William Maginn, the poet and story writer, to whose memory a Celtic cross was unveiled in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames last Summer.

⁂

At a recent sale at Hodgson's in London, a first edition of Rudyard Kipling's first book, "Schoolboy Lyrics," brought the record price of £420.

Izaak Walton's thatched and half-timbered cottage at Shallowford, Staffordshire, one of the best loved literary landmarks in England, was recently destroyed by fire.

⁂

Dr. George Watson Cole, formerly librarian of the Henry E. Huntington Library, has been elected a member of the Bibliographical Society of London, in recognition of his great services to bibliography.

⁂

"A Book of Victorian Narrative Verse" will be published by the Oxford University Press early in the autumn. It has been edited by Charles Williams, who has contributed an introductory essay on "Victorian Narrative Poetry."

⁂

Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, of London, have just published Part II, of Vol. 24, of "Book Auction Records." It records the sales at auction of 4,133 lots. Richard Hague's "The Romantic Side of Bookselling" is continued. Antiquarian booksellers will be glad to learn that the "Second General Index" to the volume 10 to 20 of "Book Auction Records," (1912 to 1923) is in press, and will be published by the end of the year.

⁂

Forthcoming books from the Cuala Press, Dublin, include a volume of "Poems" by Thomas Parnell, selected by Lennox Robinson, which is being issued immediately; and "October Blast," a collection of new poems by W. B. Yeats, which will be ready next month. Both volumes are appearing in limited editions.

⁂

A limited edition of William Godwin's "Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft," edited by W. Clark Durant, is announced by Greenberg, Publisher, of this city for immediate publication. The volume contains hitherto unpublished or uncollected material and a bibliographical note, and is illustrated with a photogravure portrait and twelve collotype plates of which eleven are after William Blake.

⁂

In 1802 Daniel Webster was principal of Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Maine, and he was its Fourth of July orator of that year. His address made a profound impression at that time and was frequently referred to in after years. A few weeks ago the manuscript of this famous address was found in a Boston junk shop. And now it is reported that its peroration was used with little change as the peroration of his last address in the United States Senate delivered July 17, 1850.

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The AMEN CORNER

THE OXONIAN, tempering these humid July days by frequent immersion in salt water, has thus retained the energy for brief gallops through some of the more profound volumes in the World's Classics series. He has discovered that draughts from the World's Classics, as from the better Scotch of better days, are warming in winter and cooling in summer. Can you imagine, for example, growing unduly heated over Borrow or Austin Dobson or Hazlitt? These are as refreshing as chocolate mint sundaes,—and less indigestible!

BUT THE Oxonian, whose attitude toward scholars is one of mingled tolerance and envy, has prepared for them his own group of questions. Of how many of the following admonitions can you name the author? Every quotation is from a volume in the World's Classics, which (we haste to add) are published by the Oxford University Press at but Eighty Cents the volume. The answers are given in the footnotes.

The School for Scholars

"There be many things, which to know doth little or nothing profit the soul." (1)

"Our own opinions and our own sense do oftendeceive us, and they discern but little." (2)

"Forget not that there is a boundary set to thy time, and that if thou use it not to-day, it will soon be gone, and thou with it, never to return again." (3)

"Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom." (4)

"The endeavor to please by novelty leads men wide of simplicity and nature, and fills their writings with affectation and conceit." (5)

"Every man's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems at the time to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new." (6)

"Oh would to God, that for the good of our justice, the societies of lawyers were as well stored with judgment, discretion and conscience, as they are with learning and wit." (7)

". . . a downright fact may be told in a plain way: and we want downright facts at present more than anything else." (8)

". . . there fall out to be these three distempers (as I may term them) of learning; the first, fantastical learning; the second, contentious learning; and the last, delicate learning,—vain imaginations, vain altercations, and vain affectations." (9)

"One may take a puppy, tend it, feed it, teach it to fetch and carry, and be pleased with it; but it is not enough to tend and feed a man and teach him Greek; one has to teach him to live." (10)

"Never teach a child anything of which you are not yourself sure." (11)

THE OXONIAN has a personal distaste for slogans, particularly in the marketing of books. Books are not cabbages or patent prophylactics; they are or should be physical expressions of our minds and souls; and to sell a good book as one sells shaving soap is to insult our collective intelligence. Hence we quote with admiration this fulmination from the house organ of the London publisher, Jonathan Cape.

"We dislike 'slogans' and parrot-cries, and the attempt to infect the public with the habit of book buying by baiting them with catch phrases such as 'buy a book a week' is too commonplace and too artless to be effective with intelligent people. Something better is needed. Let it sink in that books are worth having as personal possessions, that there is a harvest for the quiet eye even in their titles, and that their outward appearance induces a sense of rest and refreshment, and books will sooner or later come into their own."

Why could not we have said it like that?

WHAT A milky way of greater and lesser constellations will dazzle the eyes of the reader when the Autumn List of the Oxford University Press appears! There will be no space in this column then for these gallimaufries! All of us, even Pamela, will have to be serious and industrious. Soon we shall have to tell you all about *The Oxford History of the United States*, by S. E. Morison of Harvard and Oxford. That will take a column at least.

But even publishers have their moments. I see young Harvard stealing out for his daily Acidophilus!

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) Thomas a Kempis—Imitatione. (2) The same. (3) Marcus Aurelius. (4) Emerson—The American Scholar. (5) Hume—Of Simplicity in Writing. (6) Emerson—On the Intellect. (7) Montaigne—Book I. (8) Ruskin—A Joy Forever. (9) Bacon—Advancement of Learning. (10) Tolstoy—What Then Must We Do? (11) Ruskin—Time and Tide.

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The Phoenix Nest

A FRANTIC hullabaloo in the street outside, as we write this, has dragged all heads to the window. But a little way down our dear old West 45th Street on the opposite pave lies that eyrie of sapience and sartorial display, The Coffee House. Someone, perhaps it is the editor of the *Bowling Green*, has just suggested, that maybe all this vermilion injection of shrieking engines is due to the fact that *Frank Crowninshield* has appeared for the second time in the same silk shirt or that *Charles Hanson Towne* has made another *mot*. . . .

But while they riot and revel in the vicious Coffee House across the way we work feverishly to clear our desk of congested trifles ere we depart for California for a much-needed rest. We are always needing a much-needed rest and everybody is always saying to us, "My, how well you're looking!" . . .

We mean to spend the dog-days on a ranch, but we will not do much ranching. We may pick a prune or two. We don't intend to get all haggard and worn coming home in the evening overburdened with more than one or two prunes. Three prunes and we will call it overtime. Three we can eat comfortably. More might cause indigestion. . . .

Our attention has been directed to an item in the catalogue of James Tregaskis & Son, of the "Caxton Head," facing the British Museum in London. It reads: [WARD (Edward, *"Ned"*)] THE DELIGHTS OF THE BOTTLE: or the compleat vintner. With the humours of bubble upstarts, stingy wranglers, dinner spongers, jill tippers, beef beggars, cook teazers, pan soppers, plate twirlers, drawer biters, spoon pinchers, and other tavern tormentors: a merry poem. Sm. 8vo, wood-cut frontispiece, padded with blanks, half russia, £5 10 0. *Francis Clifton: London*, 1720. . . .

Tom Campbell, in his "Essay on English Poetry," is reported as saying of this same *"Ned" Ward*:

> His works give a complete picture of the mind of a vulgar but acute cockney. His sentiment is the pleasure of eating and drinking, and his wit and humor are equally gross; but his descriptions are still curious and full of life, and are worth preserving, as delineations of the manners of the time.

The Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., at 66 Fifth Avenue, where we often browse of an evening (they're open evenings), preface their catalogues with rather lyrical outbursts. At least, their No. 12, began thus about Spring:

> Spring comes to us so imperceptibly, that one is hardly aware of a touch of flowers, a feel of honey in the soft recurrent wind. Skies are limpid blue, roses blossom along roadsides and in uncontrolled hedges . . . reminiscently, we recall a place we choose to call Dover, where one can walk for hours and read, while the wayward pink and white petals from a multitude of blossoming orchards drift slowly across the delicate green foreground, until it seems for all the world like a decoration on a Japanese Print.

We liked that, and we wondered at the time whether *Mr. Dauber* or *Mr. Pine* were responsible for it. Mr. Dauber's name has always suggested to us a painter lavish of color. (Roused from a bookish reverie on *Masefield* the other day in his shop we were electrified by hearing someone ask for "Dauber." We thought it was Masefield's "Dauber" he meant, and it seemed that he believed that character would appear to him in the flesh.) Mr. Pine's name brings to us the fragrance of Maine woods above the sea-assaulted rocks, the needly floor of the forest,—and all that sort of thing.

Dauber and Pine, Dauber and Pine,
Calm of the country their symbol and sign!

They swing a wicked catalogue too. They broke down our sales resistance to the extent of thirty dollars the other day! . . .

An incog. contributor sends us the following:

> *Mary Conway Oemler*, author of "The Holy Lover," has a trio of black cats. She loves to write with one of them in her lap. But that is not what is uncommon about the cats. When straying out of hours and bounds they come home, not to the usual call of "Puss! Puss! Puss!" but to the strains of "Marching Through Georgia." It is a common thing, the most dependable evidence declares, for some member of the family to have to go to the door when the swart cats are ambulant past midnight, and whistle a bar of this most obnoxious air before the cats even consider coming home; but that the moment that shrill strain cuts the wind of Georgia, every cat comes home. Sixty-two years since Sherman passed that way, yet still even the cats run for cover!

Well, we wish some neighbor of ours possibly connected with the Ninth Street cat who has been extraordinarily vocal of late would try "East Side, West Side" or "Sally in Our Alley" on that feline! Sitting up late of recent nights our solitude has been cheered by a regular performance. The cat can almost talk. It has the most extraordinary inflections in its voice. It can also squall more like a steam kallyope than a kat. Almost coinstantaneously with its tuning-up each evening come crash on crash from rear windows of a flat above us. A laudable effort,—but so far every bottle has missed. The cat has continued unabated. The cat's love-affairs are its own affairs but its vocal exhibitionism has become a strain. We wish some psychoanalyst would come along and sit up nights with that cat. . . .

We see that on August twentieth Longmans, Green & Company are bringing out a new novel by *Janet Ramsay*, author of "High Road." It is to be called "The Bright Threshold," and tells the story of a girl's struggle to establish her own individuality against intimacies which threaten to engulf her. Miss Ramsay is a very talented writer as well as being an excellent musical critic. . . .

The leaders in fiction of the Dutton list for the Fall are to be *Charles G. Norris's* "Zelda Marsh," and *Dmitri Merezhkovsky's* "Akhnaton—King of Egypt." Mr. Norris, the younger brother of the late *Frank Norris*, is, as many know by this time, one of our most powerful realistic novelists. In both "Bread" and "Brass" he did some notable work. Merezhkovsky has always been an idol to us for his "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," one of the most remarkable re-creations we have ever absorbed, in fact a fascinating work of pure genius. Also we have always had a high admiration for Akhnaton, that Egyptian ruler who was the first monotheist and banished the multitudinous Egyptian gods in favor of his god of the sun. The "next administration," so to speak, chiselled his name from every stele and monument on which it appeared and resumed its multitudinous worship and its bloody murder. He was an idealist, and people were more savage against him than they were even against the late Woodrow Wilson. He was a great soul in his time and a tremendous pacifist. . . .

Houghton Mifflin has been securing stray copies of some of their special limited editions, with the particular aim of assembling a set of Riverside Press Editions. They say:

> The scarcity of these items, which we started issuing some twenty years ago under the direction of Bruce Rogers, and the marked increase in their prices, when they do occasionally come on the market, is a matter of keen satisfaction to us. It shows unmistakably the appreciation of booklovers for our careful selection of material for these limited editions, and the soundness of investing in books of excellent typography and appropriate format. We take pleasure in announcing that after several years of effort we have succeeded in getting together fifty-eight of the Riverside Press Editions which we are offering as a set.

It would be well for those to whom this paragraph means something to apply to Houghton Mifflin at once for fuller particulars. . . .

> There are whole poems of Shelley that amount to no more than saying it is a fine day.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

Yes, and there are whole books of Chesterton's that amount to no more than saying that the world should become Roman Catholic. . . .

We really can hardly believe that Mr. Chesterton could have said that about Shelley. There is a whole ode of Keats's that really amounts to no more than saying that the nightingale is some singer, or that Autumn is a nice season, or that a legend haunts about the shape of a Grecian urn. There is a whole play of Shakespeare's that really amounts to no more than saying that a neurotic Dane has a hell of a time. There is a whole epic by Dante that really amounts to no more than saying "So This Is Hell!" There is a whole—. But there—we return to the whole epigram by Chesterton which really amounts to no more than saying that, temporarily we hope, the old gentleman has fallen into a drowse. For really, it sounds like something that the Duchess might have said in "Alice in Wonderland." "There is a whole range of coma," remarked the Duchess, "that amounts to no more than saying—." Ah, well; ah, well; ah, well-aday!

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